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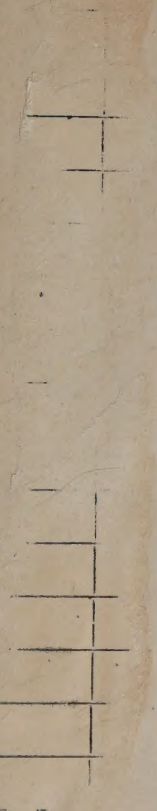

JAN 2 9 '74

OUR FLAG
IN VERSE AND PROSE

OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

EDITED BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

ARBOR DAY (*April*)
CHRISTMAS (*December 25*)
EASTER (*March or April*)
FLAG DAY (*June 14*)
INDEPENDENCE DAY (*July 4*)
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY (*February 12*)
MEMORIAL DAY (*May 30*)
MOTHER'S DAY (*Second Sunday in May*)
THANKSGIVING (*Last Thursday in November*)
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (*February 22*)

Our American Holidays

OUR FLAG

IN VERSE AND PROSE

EDITED BY
ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1926

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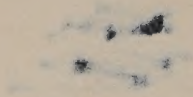

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THE STARS AND STRIPES

National standards are as old as nations. In the day when a nation found itself, it raised an emblem of one kind or another as a symbol of unity and solidarity. These standards were carried into action and were displayed on occasions of state ceremonial. They bore significant designs or inscriptions of a civil, military or religious character. Out of these standards developed in time the flags of nations.

While this development extended through centuries, it is only within comparatively recent years that flags have come to be adopted and recognized as national emblems. Although America is one of the youngest nations, the Stars and Stripes is claimed by some to be the oldest National Flag in existence. Denmark disputes this claim, and dates its flag to the 13th century. Japan's flag, it is said, can be identified as far back as the 12th century. Without discussing that question, we may accept with confidence the statement that the American National Flag is certainly older than those of England and France, for the Stars and Stripes was adopted by Congress in 1777, while the tri-color became the Imperial Standard of France some time during the first and second empires, and England's Royal Standard was not adopted until 1801.

Before the War of the Revolution, the flags of the Colonies forming the United States were various, and in the early stages of the Revolution each state adopted a flag of its own. The Massachusetts flag bore a Pine Tree; South Carolina displayed a rattlesnake;

New York had a white flag with a Black Beaver; Rhode Island a white flag with a Blue Anchor. Even after the Declaration of Independence and the acceptance of the Stars and Stripes, a number of changes were made before the present arrangement was determined. The many flags brought into service when General Washington took command of the army made much confusion. This finally brought forth a flag of thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, with the crosses of the British flag on a blue ground in the upper canton—and this was hoisted, with a salute of thirteen guns, at Washington's headquarters in Cambridge on January 1, 1776. This flag was alluded to by the Tories as "The Thirteen Rebellious Stripes." So different were the symbols of the Colonies that Washington demanded that Congress should fix on some flag which all the Colonies could recognize.

Late in May of 1777, therefore, the American Congress, in session at Philadelphia, appointed a committee, consisting of General Washington, Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, to consider a report on a general standard for all the troops of the Colonies. In accordance with these instructions, the committee called on Betsy Ross, widow of John Ross, who kept an upholstery shop on Arch Street, Philadelphia, and asked her if she could make a flag after the design they showed her. She said she would try. She suggested changing the stars that Washington had drawn in English style, with six points, to the French style, with five points. Her suggestion was accepted and our flags always have the five-pointed stars.

It was Betsy Ross who made the first flag of the United States, and she made flags for the Government for several years. The first flag was made in

the little Arch Street house in Philadelphia, which still stands and is preserved as a fitting monument to the event.

Our flag is a sister to the Independence Bell—a sister younger by nearly a year than the era of Independence, for it was on June 14, 1777, nearly twelve months after the Declaration of Independence, that Congress formally adopted the Stars and Stripes.

In old Independence Hall, under the bell that rang out the message of liberty, Congress adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation. The stars to be arranged in a circle."

The Stars and Stripes, having become the established national emblem, entered the field of service before two months had elapsed. The Flag was used in military service first at Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler, Utica, New York, on August 6, 1777, and was carried through a skirmish at Cooch's Bridge, near Wilmington, September 3, 1777. February 14, 1778, was a proud day for the Flag. It was then that, by demand of the doughty Captain John Paul Jones, the Stars and Stripes was "recognized for the first time and in the fullest manner by the Flag of France."

Jones hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the masthead of the *Ranger* on November 2, 1777, and sailed for France with dispatches for the American commissioners announcing the surrender of Burgoyne, and asking that Jones be supported with a swift frigate to harass the coast of England. The voyage across the Atlantic was stormy, and it was not until February 12, 1778, that he arrived off Quiberon Bay. It was here that

the event took place, in which the American Flag was first recognized by a foreign government. On arriving in the harbor, Jones immediately sent his boat to demand from the French commander a salute to the Stars and Stripes. We have Captain Jones' own account of the incident:

"I was off the Bay the 13th, and sent in my boat to know if the Admiral would return my salute. He answered that he would return to me, as the Senior American Continental Officer in Europe, the same salute which he was authorized by his Court to return to an Admiral of Holland, or of any other Republic, which was Four Guns less than the salute given. I hesitated at this, for I had demanded gun for gun, but after a very particular inquiry, on the 14th, finding that he had really told the truth, I was induced to accept of his offer; the more so as it was in fact an acknowledgment of America's independence. The wind being contrary and blowing hard, it was after sunset before the *Ranger* got near enough to salute La Motte Picquet with 13 guns, which he returned with 9. However, I did not suffer the *Independence* to salute till next morning, when I sent word to the Admiral that I should sail through his fleet in the Brig, and would salute him in open day. He was exceedingly pleased, and returned the compliment also with 9 guns."

Captain Jones was nothing if not thorough, and he was determined that every formality of respect should be paid to his country, his vessel and himself.

Jones had been appointed Commander of the *Ranger* on the same day that the Flag was adopted by Congress, and so we may appreciate the spirit with which he said: "That Flag and I are twins. We cannot be

parted in life or in death; so long as we can float we shall float together; if we must sink, we shall go down as one."

The composition of the Flag remained as determined by Congress until 1795, when two stripes and two stars were added for Vermont and Kentucky. In 1816 four additional states—Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana and Indiana—were taken in, and stripes and stars were placed for them on the Flag. As the number of the states increased, it became apparent that the Flag would soon be striped to a degree that would impair its beauty and dignity. A committee, therefore, made a recommendation, which was adopted on April 4, 1818, that a return should be made to the thirteen original stripes, representing the thirteen original states, and that thereafter, for each new state, only a star should be added. This change in the design made it desirable to abandon the circle of stars in the blue field; and so the method was adopted of placing them in rows.

A star has been added to the flag on the 4th of July following the admission of each state that has joined the Union. In pursuance of this plan, the Flag, which started with thirteen stars, had fifteen in the War of 1812, twenty-nine in the Mexican War, thirty-five in the Civil War, forty-five in the Spanish-American War, and now the stars number in all forty-eight.

The Stars and Stripes, planned and designed in the little back parlor of the shop on Arch Street, Philadelphia, now flings its folds across a vast Continent, and binds in common loyalty and devotion millions of souls in city, town and country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to

the Gulf. Across the broad waters of the Pacific it has carried the Constitution to the natives of the Philippines. In the South Seas, it waves above the Hawaiian Islands. Its standard has been set up in the Caribbean Sea; and, in northernmost Alaska, its colors may be seen by the light of the Midnight Sun.

W. D. MOFFAT.

THE STORY OF THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"*

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 3RD

My grandfather, Francis Scott Key, the only son of John Ross Key, an officer in the Revolutionary War, was born at Double Pine Creek, Frederick County, Md., August 9, 1780. Although he wrote many excellent poems and gained fame as an attorney and statesman, he is known to posterity almost entirely as the author of the "Star Spangled Banner."

He married in 1802 Mary Taylor Lloyd, of Annapolis, Md., and to them were born eleven children. In 1804 he removed from Frederick, where he practiced law, to Georgetown, D. C. He was thrice appointed District Attorney for the District by President Andrew Jackson.

The residence he occupied in Georgetown upon the occasion of his visit to the British Fleet is still standing. Until recently, this historic house was sadly neglected, and became an Italian fruit shop of the most squalid kind. Under the leadership of Admirals Dewey and others, however, steps were taken to secure and preserve this building for all time.

During the War of 1812, Vice-Admiral Cochrane entered the Chesapeake Bay and joined Rear-Admiral Cockburn, then engaged in committing ravages upon the unprotected and peaceable settlers along the shores of the lower waters of the Chesapeake. Vice-Admiral

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Cochrane came from the West Indies and convoyed transports containing under the command of General Ross nine thousand British Troops, the flower of the Duke of Wellington's army, fresh from their conquest of Napoleon at Waterloo. He sent word to the Secretary of State, James Monroe, that he had reached the Chesapeake and proposed to retaliate for the "wanton destruction," as he termed it, committed by the American army in upper Canada.

Sailing up the Patuxent River he landed at Benedict a force of five thousand men under the leadership of General Ross, marched upon Washington, capturing the city after a skirmish with the militia at Bladensburg and burned the Capitol, White House and other public buildings. Fearing that the Americans would return under cover of darkness, and cut off his retreat, Ross immediately evacuated Washington, marching his men back to the fleet in the Patuxent. Owing to a severe storm several of his soldiers became detached from the main body, and, so separated, wandered upon the property of Dr. William Beanes, an old and prominent resident of Upper Marlborough. Becoming boisterous and disorderly, even threatening, the Doctor finally ordered their arrest and had them placed in the Marlborough jail. One of them, however, succeeded in effecting his escape, and, regaining his command, reported the arrest to the British officers.

Rear-Admiral Cockburn immediately dispatched a squad of British marines to Marlborough to arrest Doctor Beanes. He was marched half clad through the woods to the British lines, where they placed him in irons in the hold of one of their vessels and declared their intention of hanging him at the yardarm.

Tidings of the Doctor's danger was brought to Mr.

Key by Mr. Richard West, of Marlborough, an intimate friend of Doctor Beanes, who urged that Mr. Key visit the British fleet and intercede for the release of the Doctor. It was not a pleasant task and required a long trip. However, Mr. Key at once got permission from President Madison to make the attempt. He hastened to Baltimore, and on a small ship, the *Minden,* under a flag of truce, visited the British fleet at the mouth of the Patuxent River. The British Admiral explained that Doctor Beanes had not been hung because it had been discovered that he had at one time been most humane and helpful to several British officers.

In view of this, and other arguments devised by Mr. Key for his release, Vice-Admiral Cochrane eventually announced that Doctor Beanes would be released, but as there was a certain "important event" pending, he would have to detain them a little while, after which they could return to Baltimore.

The contemplated "important event" was the intended destruction of Fort McHenry guarding the harbor at Baltimore.

Fort McHenry was garrisoned by a battalion of artillery under the command of Major George Armistead, of the United States Army, while Judge Joseph Nicholson, a brother-in-law of Mr. Key, was in command of a voluntary battery of artillery ranking second in command of the Fort. Mr. Key, Colonel Skinner and Doctor Beanes, upon the release of the latter, were carried aboard Vice-Admiral Cochrane's flagship *Surprise* to Baltimore. Upon reaching there, they were transferred to their own little vessel, the *Minden,* where they were detained, guarded by British marines until after the attack upon the city, which

consisted of a land engagement between the militia guarding the city and the British regulars under General Ross along the road leading from North Point to Baltimore, and the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the fleet.

Upon the troops being landed at North Point the fleet moved up the Patapsco and formed in a semicircle off the Fort about two and a half miles distant. The land attack began early on Tuesday morning, September 13th, 1814, and a few hours thereafter the fleet began the bombardment of the Fort. Sixteen frigates centered their line of fire on the little low fortification. The range was two and a half miles and the forty-two pounders of the Fort were not sufficient to carry this distance, so the fleet sustained but little damage. All day long shot and shell rained on the little Fort and its brave defenders. Exasperated at the unexpected resistance, the British determined to close in upon the fortifications and reduce them under cover of darkness.

In small boats they attempted to steal past the fortification with several hundred picked men and attack the garrison in the rear, but, being discovered, a terrific and galling fire was opened upon them, causing terrible destruction. About midnight there was a lull, during which the British Admiral learned that the land attack had failed and that General Ross had been killed. Then the fleet in desperation moved nearer and redoubled in fire, and the little Fort bravely answered back gun for gun.

So the long, dreadful night passed away, and in the morning—in the long-a-coming morning—"by the dawn's early light," the anxious eyes of the three Americans strained toward the Fort to see if "the

Flag was still there." It was there! It was there! Thank God, it was still there! At the same time the British fleet withdrew and Baltimore was saved.

With an inspiration born of the moment, Francis Scott Key scribbled on the back of an old letter which he carried in his pocket the first draft of the song which was destined to become the National Anthem and endear his name for all time to his fellow countrymen of his own and all succeeding generations.

Upon his release he proceeded to Baltimore and later in the day wrote out the first complete draft of the song which he carried and showed to Judge Nicholson, who had been engaged in the defense of the Fort, as we have seen. The Judge, appreciating its value, carried the draft to the printing office of Captain Benjamin Edes. As the Captain had not returned from his command, his office was closed, so the draft of the song was then carried to the office of the Baltimore *American,* where it was set in type by Samuel Sands, an apprentice at the time. That night it was sung to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven" upon the stage of the Holiday Street Theater, and shortly thereafter had reached New Orleans, where it was played by a United States military band.

Key died in 1843 while visiting his oldest daughter in Baltimore. His remains were at first placed in the Howard vault in Green Mount Cemetery. In after years, remembering his often-expressed request, "let me rest 'neath the shades of the everlasting hills," his friends and relatives moved his remains to Frederick, Md., where they were interred in Mount Olivet Cemetery, October 1, 1866.

A large national flag is kept floating over the grave, which is never taken down except to replace it with a

new one. As it floats there day and night it fulfils the lines written by Whittier in his poem concerning that other flag lover of Frederick, brave old Barbara Frietchie:

> "And ever the stars above looked down
> On thy stars below at Fredericktown."

I

SPIRIT AND SIGNIFICANCE

OUR FLAG
IN VERSE AND PROSE

THE AMERICAN FLAG

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it has streamed abroad, men have seen daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men have rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe has such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the

pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks of streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white, striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and no fierce eagle; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn; it means Liberty.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men who had taken their lives in their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions — for what? For the doctrine, and for the personal fact, of liberty — for the right of all men to liberty.

If anyone, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him — it means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known — the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

The history of this banner is all on the side of liberty. Under it, rode Washington and his armies; before it, Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered those valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his

treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York and in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation. And when the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the Government, on the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and, for the sake of its meaning, be true to your country's flag.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the

Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas, and amidst the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

THE FLAG GOES BY

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,— all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

OLD GLORY

ANONYMOUS

We are here to-day to fling a new banner to the breeze, "Old Glory," the emblem of our national sovereignty. And why should the flag of such a young country be called old glory? Because it is twenty-three years older than the present flag of Great Britain, seventeen years older than the French tri-color, nearly a hundred years older than the present flag of Germany and Italy, and eight years older than the flag of Spain. When the Continental Congress found that the political bands which connected us with the mother country had indeed been perpetually broken, they appointed a committee to devise a flag that should stand for the nation; independence, dignity and power. George Washington was the chairman of that committee and, upon receiving his report in 1777, Congress resolved, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union

be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." At first a new star and a new stripe were added for each new state, but our vast territory was molded into new states so rapidly that this arrangement became cumbersome, and in 1818 Congress passed an act returning to the original thirteen stripes, but added a star for each new state. That is the law to-day, so that this flag has thirteen stripes, seven red, and six white, and forty-five stars, representing a nation of seventy millions — not counting the population of the Philippine Islands!

But why should this flag stir your hearts and make your spirit burn within you? Because immortal honor hangs thick on every square inch of its fabric. It was adopted when the American people were but a human fringe on the seacoast, their way into the interior blocked by the red savages and howling wolves of the wilderness. The whole inspiration of our life as a nation flows out from the waving folds of this banner. Our flag has its origin in that conflict whereby we achieved our independence in the last century. Again, in 1812, it vindicated the principle that American seamen should not be impressed into service on foreign ships. In 1845 it again gave liberty to Texas. In 1861 it carried freedom to four million slaves in this country. It has been stormed at with shot and shell and torn to tatters in a hundred battles, but it has always waved for freedom, and after every conflict its advanced position in a better civilization has ameliorated and improved the conditions of human society. It stands now for a united people; it is beloved in every section of our territory; and when it waves aloft it's all one to us whether the band plays Yankee Doodle or Dixie. Emblem of freedom

and civil equality, who will say that it shall not gild the last sky lines of this dying century by spreading abroad the spirit of true liberty in Cuba?

This flag will serve two purposes. It will promote patriotism by keeping alive the traditions of our fathers, and it will elevate the standard of citizenship in the present and future by illuminating its exalted quantity in the past. I venture to coin this maxim: He who loves an ancestor will love to be an ancestor. When some of the French nobles taunted one of Napoleon's famous marshals with his obscure birth, he replied: "You are descendants indeed, but I shall be an ancestor." In like manner every American who loves the flag, because it is an emblem of his country's spirit, will be inspired to become himself an entity in the sum of national strength.

Eminence in every nation comes from praiseworthy deeds, and the people who venerate heroic ancestry ought to be trusted to rear an upright posterity. The best educational system — and we have the best in this country — is not enough for the salvation of the people until it is joined to patriotism; then you have a national fiber that will resist every strain.

I have alluded to our ancient wars with England, but we ought to remember that that strife occurred in the distant past, and I feel sure of echoing the best public opinion of this community in expressing the earnest hope before God that the peace between the mother and the daughter countries will never again be disturbed by the rude alarm of war. England and America may well rival each other in a friendly commerce and an elevated national development; but when danger confronts one the great heart of the other will beat in unison.

We are in a death-grapple with Spain. But we are like the Christian knight who went forth armed, capable to succor the oppressed and to bind up the wounds of the stricken. We have no purpose of territorial aggrandizement. We have no aim for empty glory. We have no cruel pride in the supreme knowledge of our strength. But we stand for the right as God gives us to know the right. Our implacable foe has sought dominion and gold against the rights of nations and individuals from her earliest history. She has achieved an immortality of infamy in every decade from Pizarro and Cortez to the unspeakable Weyler. But now she has come face to face with her destiny; the old wolf stands affrighted and grieving to the quick with a sword through her vitals, and in the welter of death there is no vision in the ages of her power, but greed and torture and an unquenchable thirst for human blood.

Fling out the flag. Let us hope that this splendid banner will give us a higher ideal of national character; an ideal that will exclude the jingo, the bully and the public charlatan, and an ideal that will dedicate the national conscience to a still deeper love of country, to a more reverent regard for its institutions, to a higher civilization and to peace, yea, to eternal peace among the nations of the earth. This flag means that or it means nothing.

NOTHING BUT FLAGS

BY MOSES OWEN

"*Nothing but flags!*" but simple flags,
Tattered and torn, and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead,
Who have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's
tide,
And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

"*Nothing but flags!*" yet, methinks, at night
They tell each other their tales of fright!
And dim specters come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn as they stand in line.
As the word is given — they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
And once again, through the smoke and strife,
Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

"*Nothing but flags!*" yet they're bathed with tears;
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed, of the coming day.
Silent they speak, and the tear *will* start,
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot —
Their flags come home — why come *they* not?

"*Nothing but flags!*" yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death!

Nothing but flags! yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb.
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear-loved flags come home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG[1]

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN

MANY eloquent speeches have been made that recite what the flag should stand for to a citizen of America. Among them one is here selected:

"As at the early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent; so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. . . .

"It is the banner of dawn. It means *Liberty;* and the galley slave, the poor oppressed conscript, the down-trodden creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and production of God: 'The people which sat in darkness, saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.'

"In 1777, within a few days of one year after the Declaration of Independence, the congress of the colonies in the confederated states assembled and

[1] *From "Our Country's Flag," by Edward S. Holden. D. Appleton & Company.*

ordained this glorious national flag which we now hold and defend, and advanced it full high before God and all men as the flag of liberty. It was no holiday flag gorgeously emblazoned for gayety or vanity. It was a solemn national symbol. . . .

"Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it had gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty — liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

"It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand in the government on the Constitution."—(From the address of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to members of the Fourteenth Regiment of New York State Troops in 1861.)

The speeches of Sumner and of Beecher show the meanings that eloquent and patriotic civilians find in the flag. Soldiers show their devotion to it in more direct and immediate ways. Out of a thousand incidents that might be quoted from the history of the wars of the United States, one is here set down. It exhibits the passionate devotion of loyal soldiers to the standard under which they serve, which is to them the symbol of the cause and the country that they give their lives to defend.

In the year 1863 the Sixteenth Regiment of Connecticut volunteers, after three days' hard fighting, was forced to surrender with the rest of the command.

Just before the enemy swarmed over the breastworks that they had defended for so long, the colonel of the regiment shouted to his men to save the colors — not to let the flag fall into the hands of the enemy. In an instant the battle flags were stripped from their poles and cut and torn into small fragments. Every piece was carefully hidden in the best way possible.

The regiment, some five hundred strong, was sent to a prison camp where most of the men remained until the close of the war. Each piece of the colors was sacredly preserved. When a soldier died his piece was intrusted to a comrade. At the end of the war the weary prisoners returned to their homes, each bringing his bit of star or stripe with him. All these worn fragments were patched together and the regimental colors, nearly complete, are now preserved in the State House at Hartford.

No devotion could be more simple, more resolute, more absolute, than this. And their love of the flag was not shown alone by their willingness to die for it on the field of action. They lived for it through long years of imprisonment, and brought it back whole to the State that gave it into their hands to honor and defend.

The adventurous sailors of the United States have displayed the flag in every part of the world where commerce called them, from the Arctic to the Indies. Our navy has made it respected in peace and in war. It has been planted in foreign countries by armed force, in Tripoli (1805), in Mexico (1846), in Manila, Porto Rico, and Cuba (1898).

The exploring expedition of Commodore Wilkes carried it through the Pacific Ocean and to the Antarctic regions (1839). The Arctic expeditions of Kane

(1850–53), Hayes (1860), Hall (1871), De Long (1879), Greely (1881–83), Peary (1891–98) have unfurled the flag among the icebergs of the extremest North. Stanley has carried it to the heart of Africa (1871 and later). It is respected everywhere, and everywhere it stands for American freedom, energy, vigor.

Every American child ought to read a little book written in 1863, during the war of the Rebellion, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, called "The Man Without a Country." This masterpiece recites the story of a young officer of the army, Philip Nolan by name, who had joined in Aaron Burr's plot to overthrow the Government of the United States in 1805. When Nolan was tried by a military court he exclaimed, in a moment of passion, that he wished he might never hear the name of the United States again.

The sentence of the court on Nolan, who was misguided and not willfully a traitor, was that his wish should be carried out, and that he should, in fact, never hear the name of his country spoken, nor know anything of her history so long as he should live.

According to the story, Nolan spent a long life, always at sea on some one of the naval vessels of the country, always in company with the officers of the fleet, always well treated and even loved by his companions; but never hearing the name of his country spoken, never allowed to see a book or a newspaper that told of her prosperity, never permitted to converse with any stranger who might tell him of her progress and of her glory. He lived a long life, always a man without a country, knowing nothing of home or friends.

At last, when he came to die, the flag was brought

to him, and one of his faithful companions told him the story of each star in the Union, star by star. The whole of her glorious history was unfolded amid the old man's tears. During all the long years of his life he had thought of this history, guessed it out bit by bit, and had loved his country as none but an exile can. His heart had been changed long before, but he had submitted to his just punishment with manly resignation. His whole life had been an expiation for the folly and mistake of his rash youth.

This pitiful tale is not true. It is a mere piece of imagination. But it pictures the misery and suffering of a man who has willfully separated himself from his comrades and who has cut himself off from all the benefits and joys of association with his fellow men. It teaches, as no other writing can, the meaning of patriotism, and the signification of a flag.

BUT ONE FLAG FOR OUR COUNTRY

BY CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN

THERE is room in this, our country, but for one flag. The banner of the stripes and stars is the flag of our country. It floats over every inch of our vast national domain, the sign and the symbol of the nation's sovereignty and supremacy. In this free government all other flags are out of place.

In the recognition of the valor of the Confederate soldier, in the recognition of all his rights as a citizen in kindly and fraternal feeling toward him personally the Union soldier yields to none. All honor the Confederate soldier as such for his courage. A brave soldier never faced a foe in battle. Honor paid t

him for his valor is honor to the Union soldier. The valor of each proves the valor of both. They were foemen worthy of each other. Misled and mistaught by designing politicians, the Confederate soldier believed his cause right and himself wronged. With a devotion which merits only praise, he went forth bravely to battle and final defeat. After all, the triumph of the Union cause in its highest sense, was his triumph, too, if he will but help to make it so.

Out of the throes of war the nation newly born is dedicated to liberty forever. Freedom for all henceforth is a common heritage in the land. Look at the map of the world and recall its history. Where on the map is there a country like ours? where in history is there inspiration like that of the story of American liberty?

Less than three hundred years ago a few weak colonies up and down our long Atlantic coast constituted all there was of civilization in America. To-day we are a mighty nation of many millions — each man free and all equal — occupying a vast continent whose boundaries are the two great oceans of the world. In the promise of the progress of the past who shall dare put a limit to the majesty of our future?

This, all this, is the rich fruitage of a popular government, whose powers and principles are defined, limited and guarded by a written constitution and written laws. So far it has stood the test of time of wars without and wars within. Its perpetuity is in our hands. Let us look to it that the liberty we enjoy, we transmit unimpaired to our posterity. Its perpetuity means more than the preservation of liberty to America. It involves the possibility of liberty for mankind. All nations are looking this way and the

hopes of humanity "are hanging breathless on our fate."

Let us be vigilant for liberty's sake. In such a government patriotism is godliness. Remembering all it cost, let us dedicate ourselves anew to Freedom's cause. Let us swear loyalty to the nation and its flag. Let us swear that "we will belong to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." Let us demonstrate that popular government is the best. Liberty stands at our portals for the enlightenment of the world. Let us see to it that its light shall "never perish from the earth."

UNION AND LIBERTY

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
  Up with our banner bright,
  Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
  While through the sounding sky
  Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
Union and Liberty! One evermore.

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.
  Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Shining with me for the birthright of man!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors of Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting us always through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us the many in one!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

BENEATH THE FLAG

From Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

On the sunny hillside sleeping,
On the calm and placid plain,
By the rivers swiftly sweeping,
By the rudely roaring main,
Lie the men who saved the nation
In the dark hour long ago,
Meeting death with proud elation
From a brave but erring foe.

In their earthly sleep unending
Do the nation's martyred sons
Hear the war shouts hoarsely blending
With the booming of the guns?
Do they quicken at the rattle
As the mighty band sweeps by?
Do they see that still in battle
Heroes rise to do or die?

Let us hope these warriors knighted
In the bright hereafter know
That our nation firm united
Faces now a common foe;
That beneath the dear Old Glory,
Clearing freedom's splendid way,
Adding luster to its story,
Side by side march Blue and Gray!

FLAG AND CROSS

BY ALFRED J. HOUGH

The bands were playing in the street,
The bells were clanging loud,
And all around were restless feet
And voices of a crowd.

A starry flag shot through the air,
Its folds the breezes stirred,
And as it swayed and floated there
Cheer after cheer was heard.

A young man rose and traced with skill
His country's past renowned;

A nation born at Bunker Hill,
At Appomattox crowned.

And when he cried: "With Time's last years
That flag its goal shall reach!"
The people hailed him with their cheers,
And glorified his speech.

An old man took the speakers' stand,
His head was crowned with gray;
He raised aloft a trembling hand,
The tumult died away.

"I see," he said, "unfurled above
The stars and stripes so fair,
Another flag, the flag of love,
And God has set it there.

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"The stars and stripes will fail alone,
And fall, forever furled,
With other flags, to-day unknown,
That once rose o'er the world.

"In fadeless light the stars will shine,
The stripes untarnished flow,
Illumined by the cross divine,
And guided where they go."

No answer ringing loud and long,
In cheers the message brought,
But silence still was on the throng,
The silence of deep thought.

CROSS AND FLAG

BY FREDERICK L. HOSMER

From age to age, they gather, all the brave of heart and strong,
In the strife of truth with error, of the right against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their triumph song;
The Truth is marching on!

"In this sign we conquer;" 'tis the symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love, triumphant over death;
He finds his life who loseth it, forever more it saith:
The Right is marching on!

The earth is circling onward, out of shadow into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night;
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright;
For Love is marching on!

Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory
Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be!
On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see:
Our God is marching on!

OUR FLAG

BY A. P. PUTNAM

WHAT precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battlefields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule, but think where also their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection. Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed! What storms of shot and shell! What scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec.

It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great national victory; the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs and planted upon the heights of her national palace.

Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the lofty mountains of the West. Where has it not gone? The pride of its friends and the terror of its foes. What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its folds and defy the world?

With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspiration of patriotism! By it how many have sworn fealty

to their country! What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes!

How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it! How many have died for it! How many living and dying have said in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "Oh, the flag! the stars and stripes!" And wherever that flag has gone, it has been the herald of a better day, it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

A SONG for our banner, the watchword recall,
Which gave the Republic her station,
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
It made and preserved us a Nation.

CHORUS:

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever.

What God in His infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with the weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots or factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder.— Cho.

Oh, keep that flag flying! The pride of the van!
To all other nations display it!
The ladies for union are to a — man!
And not to the man who'd betray it.— Cho.

II

OLD GLORY'S HISTORY

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG[1]

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I

All day long in the city's canyon-street,
With its populous cliffs alive on either side,
I saw a river of marching men like a tide
Flowing after the flag; and the rhythmic beat
Of the drums, and the bugles' resonant blare
Metred the tramp, tramp, tramp of a myriad feet,
While the red-white-and-blue was fluttering everywhere,
And the heart of the crowd kept time to a martial air.

O brave flag, O bright flag, O flag to lead the free!
The glory of thy silver stars,
Engrailed in blue above the bars
Of red for courage, white for truth,
Has brought the world a second youth
And drawn a hundred million hearts to follow after thee.

II

Old Cambridge saw thee first unfurled,
By Washington's far-reaching hand,
To greet, in Seventy-six, the wintry morn
Of a new year, and herald to the world
Glad tidings from a Western land,—
A people and a hope new-born!

[1] *By permission of the author.*

The double cross then filled thine azure field,
In token of a spirit loath to yield
The breaking ties that bound thee to a throne.
But not for long thine oriflamme could bear
That symbol of an outworn trust in kings.
The wind that bore thee out on widening wings
Called for a greater sign and all thine own,—
A new device to speak of heavenly laws
And lights that surely guide the people's cause.
Oh, greatly did they hope, and greatly dare,
Who bade the stars in heaven fight for them,
And set upon their battle-flag a fair
New constellation as a diadem!
Along the blood-stained banks of Brandywine
The ragged regiments were rallied to this sign;
Through Saratoga's woods it fluttered bright
Amid the perils of the hard-won fight;
O'er Yorktown's meadows broad and green
It hailed the glory of the final scene;
And when at length Manhattan saw
The last invaders' line of scarlet coats
Pass Bowling Green, and fill the waiting boats
    And sullenly withdraw,
    The flag that proudly flew
Above the battered line of buff and blue,
Marching, with rattling drums and shrilling pipes,
Along the Bowery and down Broadway,
Was this that leads the great parade to-day,—
The glorious banner of the stars and stripes.

First of the flags of earth to dare
A heraldry so high;
First of the flags of earth to bear
The blazons of the sky;

Long may thy constellation glow,
Foretelling happy fate;
Wider thy starry circle grow,
And every star a State!

III

ass on, pass on, ye flashing files
f men who march in militant array;
e thrilling bugles, throbbing drums,
ing out, roll on, and die away;
nd fade ye crowds, with the fading day!
Around the city's lofty piles
Of steel and stone
The lilac veil of dusk is thrown,
ntangled full of sparks of fairy light;
nd the never silent heart of the city hums
o a homeward-turning tune before the night.
ut far above, on the sky-line's broken height,
rom all the towers and domes outlined
gray and gold along the city's crest,
see the rippling flag still take the wind
Vith a promise of good to come for all mankind.

IV

O banner of the west
No proud and brief parade,
That glorifies a nation's holiday
Vith show of troops for warfare dressed,
Can rightly measure or display
The mighty army thou hast made
oyal to guard thy more than royal sway.
Millions have come across the sea
To find beneath thy shelter room to grow;

Millions were born beneath thy folds to know
No other flag but thee;
And other, darker millions bore the yoke
Of bondage till the voice
Of Lincoln spoke,
And sent thee forth to set the bondmen free.
Rejoice, dear flag, rejoice!
Since thou hast proved and passed that bitter strife,
Richer thy red with blood of heroes wet,
Purer thy white through sacrificial life,
Brighter thy blue wherein new stars are set.
Thou art become a sign,
Revealed in heaven to speak of things divine:
Of Truth that dares
To slay the lie it sheltered unawares:
Of Courage fearless in the fight
Yet ever quick its foemen to forgive;
Of Conscience earnest to maintain its right
And gladly grant the same to all who live.

. . . . . .

V

Look forth across thy widespread lands,
O flag, and let thy stars to-night be eyes
To see the visionary hosts
Of men and women grateful to be thine,
That joyfully arise
From all thy borders and thy coasts,
And follow after thee in endless line!
They lift to thee a forest of saluting hands;
They hail thee with a rolling ocean-roar
Of cheers; and as the echo dies,
There comes a sweet and moving song
Of treble voices from the childish throng

Who run to thee from every school-house door.
Behold thine army! Here thy power lies:
The men whom freedom has made strong,
And bound to follow thee by willing vows;
The women greatened by the joys
Of motherhood to rule a happy house;
The vigorous girls and boys,
Whose eager faces and unclouded brows
Foretell the future of a noble race,
Rich in the wealth of wisdom and true worth!
While millions such as these to thee belong,
What foe can do thee wrong,
What jealous rival rob thee of thy place
Foremost of all the flags of earth?

VI

My vision darkens as the night descends:
And through the mystic atmosphere
I feel the creeping coldness that portends
A change of spirit in my dream.
The multitude that moved with song and cheer
Have vanished, yet a living stream
Flows on and follows still the flag,
But silent now, with leaden feet that lag
And falter in the deepening gloom,
A weird battalion bringing up the rear,
Ah, who are these on whom the vital bloom
Of life has withered to the dust of doom?
These little pilgrims prematurely worn
And bent as if they bore the weight of years?
These childish faces, pallid and forlorn,
Too dull for laughter and too hard for tears?
Is this the ghost of that insane crusade
That led ten thousand children long ago,

A flock of innocents, deceived, betrayed,
Yet pressing on through want and woe
To meet their fate, faithful and unafraid?
Nay, for a million children now
Are marching in the long pathetic line,
With weary step and early wrinkled brow;
And at their head appears no holy sign
Of hope in heaven;
For unto them is given
No cross to carry, but a cross to drag.
Before their strength is ripe they bear
The load of labor, toiling underground
In dangerous mines and breathing heavy air
Of crowded shops; their tender lives are bound
To service of the whirling, clattering wheels
That fill the factories with dust and noise;
They are not girls and boys,
But little "hands" who blindly, dumbly feed
With their own blood the hungry god of Greed.
Robbed of their natural joys,
And wounded with a scar that never heals,
They stumble on with heavy-laden soul,
And fall by thousands on the highway lined
With little graves, or reach at last their goal
Of stunted manhood and embittered age,
To brood awhile with dark and troubled mind,
Beside the smoldering fire of sullen rage,
Of life's unfruitful work and niggard wage.
Are these the regiments that Freedom rears
To serve her cause in coming years?
Nay, every life that Avarice doth maim
And beggar in the helpless days of youth,
Shall surely claim
A just revenge, and take it without ruth;

And every soul denied the right to grow
Beneath the flag, shall be its secret foe.
Bow down, dear land, in penitence and shame!
Remember now thine oath, so nobly sworn,
To guard an equal lot
For every child within thy borders born!
These are the children whom thou hast forgot;
They have the bitter right to live, but not
The blessed right to look for happiness.
O lift thy liberating hand once more,
To loose thy little ones from dark duress;
The vital gladness to their hearts restore
In healthful lessons and in happy play;
And set them free to climb the upward way
That leads to self-reliant nobleness.
Speak out, my country, speak at last,
As thou hast spoken in the past,
And clearly, bravely say;
"I will defend
"The coming race on whom my hopes depend:
"Beneath my flag and on my sacred soil
"No child shall bear the crushing yoke of toil."

VII

Look up, look up, ye downcast eyes!
The night is almost gone:
Along the new horizon flies
The banner of the dawn;
The eastern sky is banded low
With crimson bars,
While far above the morning glow
The everlasting stars.

O bright flag, O brave flag, O flag to lead the free!
The hand of God thy colors blent,
And heaven to earth thy glory lent,
To shield the weak, and guide the strong
To make an end of human wrong,
And draw a countless human host to follow after thee!

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 1777–1898 [1]

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN

On the 2nd of July, 1776, the American Congress resolved "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the states of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." On the 4th of July a declaration of independence was adopted by the Congress, and sent out under its authority, to announce to all other nations that the United States of America claimed a place among them. On this 4th of July the nation was born. Its flag, the visible symbol of its power, was not adopted till 1777.

On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The national flag — *our* national flag — grew in the most direct way out of the banners that had waved over the colonists. The flag of the United Colonies had thirteen stripes, one for each colony, and the

[1] *From "Our Country's Flag," by Edward S. Holden. D. Appleton & Company.*

stripes were alternate red and white. This part of the old flag remained unchanged in the new one. Each colony retained its stripe.

The flag of the colonies, in its union, had displayed the king's colors. There was now no longer a king in America, but a new Union had arisen — a Union of Thirteen States — no longer a Union of kingdoms. The union of the old flag had been the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew conjoined on a blue field. The new union was a circle of silver stars in a blue sky — "A new constellation."

The flag of the United States was derived from the flag of the United Colonies in the simplest and most natural manner. The old flag had expressed the hopes and aspirations of thirteen colonies which had united in order to secure justice from their king and fellow-countrymen in England. The new flag expressed the determined resolve of the same thirteen colonies — now become sovereign States — to form a permanent Union, and to take their place among the nations of the world. They were no longer Englishmen: they were Americans.

Many suggestions have been made to account for the appearance of stars or of stripes in the new flag. It seems unnecessary to seek for any explanation other than the one that has just been given. The old flag of the United Colonies expressed the feelings and aspirations of the revolted English colonists. They were willing to remain as subjects of the English king, but they had united to secure justice. The new flag expressed their firm resolve to throw off the yoke of England, and to become a new nation. The symbols of each flag exactly expressed the feeling of the men who bore it.

There is a resemblance between the colors and symbols of the new flag and the symbols borne on the coat of arms of General Washington that is worthy of remark. General Washington was a descendant of an English family, and his ancestors bore a coat of arms that he himself used as a seal, and for a book-plate.

It has been supposed that the stars of the American flag were suggested by the three stars of this coat of arms, and this is not impossible. General Washington was in Philadelphia in June, 1777, and he is said to have engaged Mrs. John Ross, at that time, to make the first flag, though this is not absolutely certain.

However this may be, it is known that the American flag of thirteen stars and of thirteen stripes was displayed at the siege of Fort Stanwix in August, 1777; at the battle of Brandywine on September 11th; at Germantown on the 4th of October; at the surrender of the British under General Burgoyne on October 17th. The flag had been adopted in June of the same year. The vessels of the American navy flew this flag on the high seas, and their victories made it respected everywhere.

It is curious to note that so late as 1784 the American flag was not always represented correctly in drawings made by foreigners. In a German publication of that year, the union is made to cover the upper *six* stripes only (instead of seven), though the drawing is otherwise accurate. Let the American child who is reading this chapter stop here and try to draw the flag of his country without looking at any of the illustrations. Everyone should be able to do this.

The treaty of peace between England and the

United States was signed (at Paris, France) on September 3, 1783. This was the acknowledgment of Great Britain of the independence of her former colonies; and the other nations of Europe stood by consenting. Our flag was admitted, at that time, on equal terms with the standards of ancient kingdoms and states, to the company of the banners of the world.

In 1791 Vermont was admitted to the Union, and in 1792 Kentucky became a state. No change was made in the national flag till 1794, when Congress ordered "that from and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field."

Tennessee was admitted to the Union in 1796, Ohio in 1802, Louisiana in 1812, Indiana in 1816, Mississippi in 1817, and Illinois in 1818, making twenty states in all. It was plain that the vast territory of the United States would be carved up into other states from time to time. Accordingly, in April, 1818, the Congress passed

"AN ACT TO ESTABLISH THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES

"Section 1. *Be it enacted, etc.,* That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"Section 2. *And be it further enacted,* That on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission. *Approved,* April 4, 1818."

No changes (other than the addition of new stars) have been made in the national flag since 1818. The stars have been added, one by one, until in 1898 there are forty-five in all. Every state has its star; each of the original thirteen states has its stripe.

So long as the United States exists the flag will remain in its present form, except that new stars will be displayed as the new states come in. It will forever exhibit the origin of the nation from the thirteen colonies, and its growth into a Union of sovereign states.

CONCORD HYMN

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Sung at the completion of the battle monument, April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

BETSY ROSS AND THE FLAG

BY HARRY PRINGLE FORD

On the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

This resolution, the first recorded legislative action, so far as known, relating to the adoption of a national flag in this country, was taken on the recommendation of Robert Morris, the famous financier and treasurer of the Revolution, and George Ross, a Pennsylvania signer of the Declaration of Independence who, at some time during the previous year, had been appointed a committee to consider the subject of adopting a general standard for all the colonies — various banners and devices having been in use, not only by the colonies, but also by the different regiments, up to this time.

The committee, accompanied by General Washington, called at the house of Betsy Ross, 239 Arch Street, on a day between the 23rd of May and the 4th of June, 1776, and left with her an order to make a flag from designs which they submitted. This she did so successfully as to lead to the adoption of the above resolution the following year.

Mrs. Ross, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Griscom, was born January 1st, 1752, of Quaker parentage. She was noted for her exquisite skill in needlework; and that she was engaged in the flag-making business previous to the adoption of the national standard in June, 1777, is evident from the fact that the preceding May, Congress made an order on the Treasury "to pay Betsy Ross £14. 12s. 2d. for flags for the fleet in the Delaware River." In the latter part of 1773 she married John Ross, the son of the Rev. Æneas Ross, an Episcopal clergyman, of Newcastle, Delaware, a brother to the Hon. George Ross mentioned above.

The young married couple carried on the upholstery business at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Their happiness, however, was destined to be short lived. The spirit of liberty was awakening, and hundreds of patriots were sacrificing the pleasures of home on the altar of their country. Among the foremost of these was young John Ross. One night, whilst guarding with several other young men, some military stores on one of the city wharves along the Delaware River, he received so serious an injury that he died from the effects of it, after long and anxious nursing on the part of his faithful and devoted young wife. He was buried in the Christ Church burying ground, Fifth and Arch Streets, January 20, 1776. The Ross pew, marked with a national flag, is still preserved in the historic old church.

Left a widow at the early age of twenty-four, Mrs. Ross, heroically determined to maintain her independence, if possible, by continuing the upholstering business; and it was not long after the death of her husband that she was called on by the Committee of

Congress in reference to making a sample flag for the Nation.

Mr. George Canby, a grandson of Mrs. Ross, who is still living in Philadelphia, and who well remembers his grandmother, gives the following interesting incident of this historic visit:

"The committee asked her if she thought she could make a flag from a design, a rough drawing of which General Washington exhibited. She replied with diffidence and becoming modesty that 'she did not know, but would try.' She noticed, however, that the stars, as drawn, had six points, and informed the committee that the correct star should have but five points. They answered that they understood this, but that a great number of stars would be required, and the more regular form with six points could be more easily made than one with five. She responded in a practical way, by deftly folding a scrap of paper, and then, with a single clip of her scissors, she displayed a true, symmetrical, five-pointed star.

"This at once decided that point in her favor. After the design was partially redrawn on the table in her little back parlor, she was left to make her sample flag according to her own ideas of the arrangement of the stars, the proportions of the stripes and the general form of the whole. Some time after its completion, it was presented to Congress, and the committee soon thereafter had the pleasure of reporting to her that her flag was accepted as the national standard, and she was authorized to proceed at once to the manufacture of a large number for disposal by the Continental Congress."

Mr. Canby has in his possession the old family Bible of his grandmother. It contains many interesting en-

tries. No authentic likeness of Mrs. Ross exists. She was married three times. Her second husband was Captain Joseph Ashburn, to whom she was united in the Old Swedes Church, Philadelphia, June 15th, 1777. He died a prisoner of war, March 3d, 1782, in the old Mill Prison, Plymouth, England. His friend John Claypoole, who was a prisoner with him, was finally released and became the third husband of our fair heroine, May 8th, 1783. Mr. Claypoole died August 3d, 1817. His wife died January 30th, 1836, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, having lived to see our government firmly established and our Nation taking its rightful place among the foremost powers of the world.

The quaint little brick birthplace of the flag at 239 Arch Street, is still standing, although more than a century and a half old. The front ground floor is now used as a cigar store; the room just back of it, about twelve by eighteen feet in size, is the one in which the flag is said to have been made. It remains quite as it was in the old days, and gives every evidence of belonging to a time not our own. We trust that the old house may long be preserved to keep alive in patriotic hearts the memories that are inseparably associated with the origin of our beautiful banner, the glorious Stars and Stripes.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
  Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
  Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

THE STARS AND STRIPES[1]

BY A. Y. LEECH

PROBABLY all Americans believe that they know their national flag when they see it, yet many are certainly unable to distinguish between the standard Stars and Stripes and its spurious imitations. It is desirable for all to remember that the flag is not a haphazard arrangement of alternate stripes of red and white, with stars on a blue field, but an emblem fashioned in a manner prescribed by law and official regulations.

The first national legislation on the subject bears date June 14, 1777, when Congress, in session at Philadelphia, adopted the following:

"*Resolved,* That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

This was about one year subsequent to the Declaration of Independence. Prior to that time colonial flags, and those improvised by the parties using them, were publicly displayed as occasion demanded, but these were in no sense the "national standard."

The thirteen stripes had been introduced in alternate white and blue, on the upper left-hand corner of a standard presented to the Philadelphia Light Horse Company by its captain in the early part of 1775. Moreover, the flag of the thirteen united colonies raised at Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, January 2, 1776, had the thirteen stripes just as they are this day; but it also had the cross of St.

[1] *By permission of "The Youth's Companion."*

George and St. Andrew on a blue ground in the corner.

There is no satisfactory evidence, however, that *any* flag bearing the union of the stars had been in public use before the resolution of June, 1777.

Some writers assert that the first and original United States flag, instead of thirteen stars, each representing a revolted colony or state, contained only twelve stars, because Georgia was not entitled to a vote. Such a flag is said to have been made by the ladies of Philadelphia from the design of the escutcheon of the Washington family, and it is said that Washington himself cut out the five-pointed stars.

It is alleged that this flag was presented to John Paul Jones; that he sailed with it up and down the Schuylkill, to show the people the appearance of the flag of their country; that it was adopted by Congress; that Jones carried it with him on his ship *Bonhomme Richard;* that in his great fight the flag was shot away from its staff and fell in the sea, and that Lieutenant Stafford leaped overboard after it, brought it safely to the ship and nailed it to the masthead.

The tale may be true, but the flag was not the national flag. The Act of Congress June 14, 1777, shows that *no* standard was recognized by the Nation until that date.

It has been impossible to decide with certainty who designed the American flag as first adopted by Congress, but the best recorded evidence gives part of the credit of designing it and all the credit of making it to Mrs. John Ross, an upholsterer, who resided on Arch Street, Philadelphia. Her descendants assert that a committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, who was in Philadelphia in June,

1776, called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make the flag from a rough drawing. This drawing was, at her suggestion, redrawn by General Washington with pencil, in her back parlor, and the flag thus designed was adopted by Congress.

Although the resolution establishing the flag was not officially promulgated by the Secretary of Congress until September 3, 1777, it seems well authenticated that the regulation Stars and Stripes was carried at the battle of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and thenceforward during the battles of the Revolution.

Soon after its adoption the new flag was hoisted on the naval vessels of the United States. The ship *Ranger,* bearing the Stars and Stripes, and commanded by Captain Paul Jones, arrived at a French port about December 1, 1777. Her flag received on February 14, 1778, the first salute ever paid to the American flag by foreign naval vessels.

No further action relative to the flag was taken by Congress until after Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union. Then, on January 13, 1794, Congress enacted:

"That from and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field."

This flag was the national banner from 1795 to 1818, during which period occurred the war of 1812 with Great Britain. But soon five additional states — Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana and Mississippi — were admitted to the Union and required representation on the flag. So Congress, on April 4, 1818, enacted:

First. "That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field."

Second. "That on the admission of every new state into the union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

The debate in Congress shows that the return to the thirteen stripes of the 1777 flag was due, in a measure, to a reverence for the standard of the Revolution; but it was also due to the fact that a further increase of the number of stripes would make the width of the flag out of proportion to its length, unless the stripes were narrowed, and this would have made it hard to see them at a distance.

A newspaper of the time, still kept in the government archives, said: "By this regulation the thirteen stripes will represent the number of states whose valor and resources originally effected American independence, and additional stars will mark the increase of the states since the present Constitution."

No act has since been passed by Congress, altering this feature of the flag, and the standard is the same as originally adopted, except as to the number of stars in its union.

In the war with Mexico the national flag bore twenty-nine stars in its union; during the late Civil war it had thirty-five, and since July 4, 1891, it has borne forty-five stars.

In none of the acts of Congress relating to the flag has the manner of arranging the stars been prescribed, and in consequence there has been a striking lack of uniformity in this matter. Designs of the flag in

the keeping of the government show that the early custom was to insert the stars in parallel rows across the blue field. This custom has, it is believed, been observed in the navy, at least since 1818, at which time the President ordered the stars to be arranged in this manner on the national flag used in the navy.

In the army, too, it is believed, the stars have always been arranged in horizontal rows across the blue field, but not always in vertical rows; the effect, however, being about the same as the naval flag. Hereafter there will be no difference in the arrangement of stars between the army and navy, as an agreement has been arrived at between the War and Navy Departments.

American bunting only is now used in the manufacture of the Stars and Stripes, and these flags are woven for the government on American looms.

While the sizes of the government flags are not prescribed by statute law, they are fixed by regulations of the Departments of the War and Navy, which have been based upon convenience, utility and beauty, and the exigencies of the service.

The storm and recruiting flags measure each eight feet in length by four feet two inches in width. The post flag measures twenty feet in length by ten feet in width.

The garrison flag, hoisted only on great occasions and national holidays, measures thirty-six feet in length by twenty feet in width. The union is always one-third of the length of the flag, and extends to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top.

The national colors, carried by regiments of infantry and artillery and the battalion of engineers, on parade or in battle, are made of silk. They are six

feet six inches long and six feet wide, and are mounted on staffs. The field of the colors is thirty-one inches in length, and extends to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top.

OUR FLAG

BY ELSIE M. WHITING

A GREAT many years ago our people fought for a free land. They wanted a flag all their very own — a flag to wave over their homes and lead their soldiers in battle. They asked George Washington and a friend to have just the right kind of a flag made. It was not to be like any other flag.

Washington drew a picture of a flag with stars and stripes, and took it to a lady to be made. He told her just how to make it.

The stripes were to be red and white, and the stars white upon a blue sky. This was our first flag. And now shall I tell you what our flag means? When you see it waving in the air, it says to you: "This is a free land." The colors tell us something, too. The red says, "Be brave;" the white says, "Be pure;" the blue says, "Be true."

OUR FLAG IS THERE

BY AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER, 1812

OUR flag is there, our flag is there,
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas,
Our flag is there, our flag is there.
Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars.

Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it masthead high,
And, oh, to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy in every eye.

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
And found a speedy watery grave.
That flag is known on every shore,
The standard of a gallant band:
Alike unstained in peace or war,
It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

THE LOVED FLAG

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REBELLION"

At an auction sale in Charleston just before the breaking out of the war, the auctioneer, after knocking down odd lots of dry goods and remnants, picked up an American flag and cast it down with the contemptuous remark that he would not ask a bid for that useless rag.

This was too much for one of the bystanders, a rough-looking man, and he called out:

"I bid ten dollars!"

At the word he elbowed his way through the crowd, took the flag and bore it off.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

'o refuge could save the hireling and slave
rom the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
nd the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
)'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

)! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"*In God is our trust:*",
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

THE CALL TO THE COLORS

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"ARE you ready, O Virginia,
Alabama, Tennessee?
People of the Southland, answer!
For the land hath need of thee."
"Here!" from sandy Rio Grande,
Where the Texan horsemen ride;
"Here!" the hunters of Kentucky
Hail from Chatterawha's side;
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,
Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,
Lifts his head to answer, "Here!"
Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee;

They shall lead their sons to battle
For the flag, if need there be.

"Are you ready, California,
Arizona, Idaho?
'Come, oh, come, unto the colors!'
Heard you not the bugle blow?"
Falls a hush in San Francisco
In the busy hives of trade;
In the vineyards of Sonoma
Fall the pruning knife and spade;
In the mines of Colorado
Pick and drill are thrown aside;
Idly in Seattle harbor
Swing the merchants to the tide;
And a million mighty voices
Throb responsive like a drum,
Rolling from the rough Sierras,
"You have called us, and we come."

O'er Missouri sounds the challenge —
O'er the great lakes and the plain;
"Are you ready, Minnesota?
Are you ready, men of Maine?"
From the woods of Ontonagon,
From the farms of Illinois,
From the looms of Massachusetts,
"We are ready, man and boy."
Axemen free, of Androscoggin,
Clerks who trudge the cities' paves,
Gloucester men who drag their plunder
From the sullen, hungry waves,
Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,
Celt and Saxon swell the call,

And the Adirondacks echo:
"We are ready, one and all."

Truce to feud and peace to faction!
All forgot is party zeal
When the war-ships clear for action,
When the blue battalions wheel.
Europe boasts her standing armies,—
Serfs who blindly fight by trade;
We have seven million soldiers,
And a soul guides every blade.
Laborers with arm and mattock,
Laborers with brain and pen,
Railroad prince and railroad brakeman
Build our line of fighting men.
Flag of righteous wars! close mustered,
Gleam the bayonets, row on row,
Where thy stars are sternly clustered,
With their daggers towards the foe.

THE FLAG OF THE CONSTELLATION

BY T. BUCHANAN REID

Florence, Italy, May, 1861.

THE stars of our morn on our banner borne,
With the iris of heav'n are blended,
The hands of our sires first mingled those fires,
By us they shall be defended!
Then hail the true — the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation.
It sails as it sailed, by our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

What hand so bold to strike from its fold,
One star or stripe of its bright'ning;
To him be each star a fiery Mars,
Each stripe a terrible lightning.
Then hail the true — the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation.
It sails as it sailed, by our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

Its meteor form shall ride the storm
Till the fiercest of foes surrender;
The storm gone by, it shall gild the sky,
As a rainbow of peace and splendor.
Then hail the true — the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation.
It sails, as it sailed, by our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

Peace, peace to the world — is our motto unfurled,
Tho' we shun not a field that is gory;
At home or abroad, fearing none but our God,
We will carve our own pathway to glory!
Then hail the true — the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation.
It sails as it sailed, by our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

BY LUCRETIA G. NOBLE

The drums are beat, the trumpets blow,
The black-mouthed cannon bay the foe,
Dark, bristling o'er each murky height,
And all the field is whirled in fight.

The long life in the drowsy tent
Fades from me like a vision spent —
I stand upon the battle's marge,
And watch the smoking squadron's charge.

Behold one starry banner reel
With that wild shock of steel on steel;
And ringing up by rock and tree
At last the cry that summons me.

I hear it in my vibrant soul,
Deep thundering back its counter-roll;
And all life's ore seems newly wrought
In the white furnace of my thought.

No dream that made my dream divine,
But flashes back some mystic sign;
And every shape that erst was bright
Sweeps by me, garmented in light.

High legends of immortal praise,
Brows of world heroes bound with bays
The crowned majesties of Time
Rise visioned on my soul sublime.

Dear living lips of love and prayer
Sound chanting through the blackened air;
And eyes look out of marble tombs,
And hands are waved from churchyard glooms.

"Charge! charge!"
We pant, we speed, we leap, we fly;
I feel my lifting feet aspire,
As I were born of wind and fire!

On! on! where wild the battle swims,
On! on! no shade my vision dims;
Transcendent o'er yon smoky wreath,
I see the glory of great death!

Come, flashing blade and hissing ball,
I give my blood, my breath, my all,
So that on yonder rocky height
The Stars and Stripes may wave to-night.

THE FLAG

BY GEO. H. BOKER

September 22, 1862.

Spirits of patriots, hail in heaven again
The flag for which ye fought and died,
Now that its field, washed clear of every stain,
Floats out in honest pride!

Free blood flows through its scarlet veins once more,
And brighter shine its silver bars;
A deeper blue God's ether never wore
Amongst the golden stars.

See how our earthly constellation gleams;
And backward, flash for flash, returns
Its heavenly sisters their immortal beams
With light that fires and burns,—

That burns because a moving soul is there,
A living force, a shaping will,
Whose law the fate-forecasting powers of air
Acknowledge and fulfill.

At length the day, by prophets seen of old,
Flames on the crimsoned battlefields;
Henceforth, O flag, no mortal bought and sold,
Shall crouch beneath thy shade.

That shame has vanished in the darkened past,
With all the wild chaotic wrongs
That held the struggling centuries shackled fast
With fear's accursèd thongs.

Therefore, O patriot fathers, in your eyes
I brandish thus our banner pure:
Watch o'er us, bless us, from your peaceful skies,
And make the issue sure!

A FLAG PRESENTATION

From *The Evangelist.*

DURING our Civil War the colonel of a fine Union regiment came to his general, in a high state of excitement.

"General," said he, "I was waited on by two lovely ladies, this morning, who wish to present a flag to my regiment, on the coming Fourth of July."

As the brigade was at that time quartered in a very hostile Southern city, this produced considerable surprise on the part of the general; but he finally said:

"Well, it will be worth seeing. Turn out your regiment and let the ceremonies go on."

When the famous day arrived, every soldier was clad in his best, and the colonel looked fairly resplendent in his finest uniform. There was quite a large number of spectators present. The young ladies

appeared, escorted by some of their male friends, and were given a post of honor.

One of them made a speech, in which she mentioned liberty as among the choicest blessings in the world, and extolled the conduct of our brave, Revolutionary forefathers. It was a very eloquent address, and was heard by all with approval and delight.

At its close, she uncovered and unrolled the flag, and with a smile upon her face, said, sweetly,

"I now have the pleasure of presenting, sir, to you and your regiment, the grandest and most characteristic symbol of the liberty for which our forefathers fought, that has ever seen the light of day."

She unrolled the flag, which, to the unlimited surprise of most of those present, proved to be a Confederate one!

For a moment, there was an intense silence. The Southerners present did not dare to cheer, however much they felt like it; the soldiers were sternly restrained by their officers as well as by their natural chivalry toward the sex.

The colonel's eyes flashed fire; but he was a man of the world, and had been an accomplished politician before entering the war; and, with a gentle and engaging smile, he advanced, and received the flag from the hand of his fair (and unfair) guest. Then, in a clear resonant Fourth-of-July tone, he responded:

"Madam, you are my guest, and a lady. I am the colonel of this regiment, which is composed entirely of gentlemen, as well as soldiers, and I trust I am deserving the same appellations.

"We have listened with interest to your views as to which is the symbol most typical of freedom of any in the world. We" (looking at the colors of the

regiment) "hold a different opinion, or we should not be here. We are glad to know, too, that our views are gradually gaining ground. We have already received in surrender several flags similar to the one you have just handed me, and shall keep this as a token, that at last even the fair daughters of the Confederacy have decided that their cause is a hopeless one, and have commenced capitulating their colors — eulogizing them, very naturally, as they so do."

The turning of the tables had been accomplished so neatly that the crowd cheered, in spite of themselves; the young lady, who had perhaps harbored an idea that she would be arrested, and made a sort of martyr, rushed away in confusion; and the colonel marched his regiment back to quarters with flying colors. He afterwards received a merry note from his acquaintance of a day, apologizing for the trick she had attempted to play upon him, thanking him for the gentlemanly manner in which he had treated her, and acknowledging that he had had the best of the incident.

During a late visit to the Nashville Exposition, he enjoyed the pleasure of meeting her — now a handsome "Colonial Dame" — and of laughing with her over the incident.

THE FREE FLAG

January 1, 1863.

ANONYMOUS

O HOLY ensign! symbol fair
And unpolluted, save by those
Whose crimes have made themselves thy foes,
Kiss with true love the taintless air!
Lay all thy starry clusters bare
Beneath the heavenly stars; secure
That, as their own, thy light is pure!

No more at thee the world shall sneer;
No more beneath thy shade shall flash
The terrors of the tyrant's lash;
Nor a whole race be bowed with fear,
As widens out thy grand career;
Nor shalt thou shield from righteous scorn
The guilt thy virtue has forsworn!

Where'er thy marshalled lines advance
The shattered chain shall fall behind;
And in sad eyes, half blank, half blind,
The light of liberty shall dance;
And the imbruted countenance
Shall warm with knowledge in the rays
That break on thy regenerate days!

Now thou hast purpose, strong and high,
Who doubts that right's assured success,
If not from man, from God, shall bless
Thy suffering fidelity

With more than mortal victory,—
With peace whose heart no more shall quake
Whene'er a loosened chain may shake?

Fly on, fly on! And hail to thee,
Flag whose fair folds thy children's blood
Has washed as in a running flood!
And may thy war-cry's burden be,
Alike to all, "Be free, be free!"
Perish the wretch who'd see thee wave
Again above the shrinking slave!

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM

ANONYMOUS

YES, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.— Cho.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.— Cho.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.— Cho.

SONG

For the Loyal National League of New York on the Anniversary of the Attack on Fort Sumter. April 11, 1863.

ANONYMOUS

When our banner went down,
With its ancient renown,
Betrayed and degraded by treason,
Did they think, as it fell,
What a passion would swell
Our hearts when we asked them the reason?
O, then, rally, brave men,
To the standard again,
The flag that proclaims us a nation!

We will fight, on its part,
While there's life in a heart,
And then trust to the next generation.

Although causeless the blow
That at Sumter laid low
That flag, it was seed for the morrow;
And a thousand flags flew,
For the one that fell true,
As traitors have found to their sorrow.
O, then, rally, brave men,
To the standard again,
The flag that proclaims us a nation!
We will fight, on its part,
While there's life in a heart,
And then trust to the next generation.

'Twas in flashes of flame
It was brought to a shame
Till then unrecorded in story;
But in flashes as bright
It shall rise in our sight,
And float over Sumter in glory!
O, then, rally, brave men,
To the standard again,
The flag that proclaims us a nation!
We will fight, on its part,
While there's life in a heart,
And then trust to the next generation.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

BY GEORGE F. ROOT

In the prison cell, I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Oh, cheer up comrades, they will come.
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again,
Of freedom in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When the fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.— Cho.

So, within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing friends and home once more.
— Cho.

OUR FLAG[1]

From *The Youth's Companion.*

One dreary morning late in the autumn of 1864, a number of Union prisoners were piloted up the Savannah River, past the historic Fort Pulaski, past the blockade of sunken vessels, and up within the Confederate lines.

Then down the river came a Confederate steamer, and as it turned a curve and came in sight of the Union vessels, there was heard, as if from somewhere within the steamer's depths, a muffled shout, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

This meeting at Savannah was for an exchange of prisoners between the Union and Confederate forces. Two steamers were lashed together, gang planks thrown across, and the exchange begun. Man for man, a steady double line, one line of Union prisoners and the other of Confederates, walked across the gang planks for days.

"What was that hurrahing for, as the steamer turned the bend?" one of the prisoners was asked, as he came to the United States vessel.

He smiled grimly and said, "Why you see, some of us happened to be where we could see down the river, and we caught sight of the old flag, the Stars and Stripes. We told the rest of them, and then they gave the three cheers you heard. They weren't much for strength, but they were the best we could give.

"You, who haven't been where you couldn't see the flag if you wanted to," the prisoner went on, "haven't any idea what it meant to us. In the first place it

[1] *By permission of "The Youth's Companion."*

meant freedom — and freedom's a big word to us who've been penned up so long. Then it meant home — and I guess our boys like that word, too! Ask that boy sitting on the stairs: it meant life to him, and a good many more like him."

The boy on the stairway seemed quite willing to speak, but it was necessary to bend down and listen closely in order to hear his words.

"I was one of them that couldn't see the flag," he whispered, "but I could see them that could see it, and I cheered with the rest. I couldn't make much noise, but I did some loud shouting inside just the same!"

STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY — ARE YE ALL THERE?

BY LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

Are ye all there? Are ye all there,
Stars in my country's sky?
Are ye *all* there? *Are ye all there,*
In your shining homes on high?
"Count us! Count us," was their answer,
As they dazzled on my view,
In glorious perihelion,
Amid their field of blue.

I cannot count ye rightly;
There's a cloud with sable rim;
I cannot make your number out,
For my eyes with tears are dim.
O bright and blessed angel,
On white wing floating by,

Help me to count, and not to miss
One star in my country's sky!

Then the angel touched mine eyelids,
And touched the frowning cloud;
And its sable rim departed,
And it fled with murky shroud.
There was no missing Pleiad
'Mid all that sister race;
The Southern Cross gleamed radiant forth,
And the Pole-Star kept its place.

Then I knew it was the angel
Who woke the hymning strain
That at our Redeemer's birth
Pealed out o'er Bethlehem's plain;
And still its heavenly key tone
My listening country held,
For all her constellated stars
The diapason swelled.

THE FLAG

June 17, 1865.

BY LUCY LARCOM

Let it idly droop, or sway,
To the wind's light will;
Furl its stars, or float in day;
Flutter, or be still!
It has held its colors bright,
Through the war smoke dun;
Spotless emblem of the Right,
Whence success was won.

Let it droop in graceful rest
For a passing hour —
Glory's banner, last and best;
Freedom's freshest flower!
Each red stripe has blazoned forth
Gospels writ in blood;
Every star has sung the birth
Of some deathless good.

Let it droop, but not too long!
On the eager wind
Bid it wave, to shame the wrong;
To inspire mankind
With a larger, human love;
With a truth as true
As the heaven that broods above
Its deep field of blue.

In the gathering hosts of hope,
In the march of man,
Open for it place and scope,
Bid it lead the van;
Till beneath the searching skies
Martyr-blood be found,
Purer than our sacrifice,
Crying from the ground:

Till a flag with some new light
Out of Freedom's sky,
Kindles, through the gulfs of night,
Holier blazonry.
Let its glow the darkness drown!
Give our banner sway,
Till its joyful stars go down,
In undreamed-of day!

"FROM TEXAS TO MAINE"

BY GEO. HENRY PREBLE

On the conclusion of the War of Secession, and the restoration of the star-spangled banner to its honors in Charleston, S. C., a correspondent of the *Boston Sentinel* (J. E. D.) wrote:

HAIL, banner of glory! Hail, banner of light!
Whose fame lives in story, whose folds cheer my sight;
Not a star is suppressed, not a stripe has been torn
From the flag of the West, which our fathers have borne.
Our Union is fast, and our homes ever sure,
Our freedom shall last while the world shall endure.
Then hail to the banner whose folds wave in glory,
Let the free breezes fan her, and whisper her story.
The tumult has ended, the storm's died away,
The fiend has descended that led us astray,
The sons of the West are our brothers again,
And the flag of the blest floats from Texas to Maine.

THE RED AND THE BLUE

BY H. A. ROBY

OH, Johnny Bull! you know, John,
"Since we have been acquaint,"
Your many little tricks would try
The patience of a saint.
But with the world against you
A sturdy front you show;
I guess we'll have to back you,
And let old bygones go!

You've proved a valiant foe, John,
In many a bloody fight;
So now we'll stand together,
And strike for truth and right.
And should the foreign beagles
Bay the lion in his lair,
You'll find the Yankee eagle's
Beak and talons will be bare!

What though our name be changed, John
It has not changed the breed,
Both stately trees have sprung from
The Anglo-Saxon seed.
Both nations' rights are equal,
Wrung from a monarch's greed,
Our Seventy-six the sequel
Of glorious Runnymede!

Grip hands across the ocean,
And should there come a time,—
When needed,— I've a notion
You'll see the "thin red line."
With shoulder pressed to shoulder,
Stanch friends and comrades true,
Old England's scarlet Tommies,
And our boys in blue.

Fling out the red cross banner!
Too long has it been furled.
We'll plant "Old Glory" by its side
And then defy the world!
Woe to the foreign foemen
Who front the battle-line,
Where Johnny's cross and Sammy's stars
Their colors bright entwine!

THE FLAG OF STARS[1]

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Oh not alone the eager South —
Alone the steadfast North —
Saw with wet eyes beneath spring skies,
Our flag of stars go forth!
Oh not alone the elder East,
Nor the young-hearted West,
Smiled high with pride where side by side
The Nation's children pressed!

But North and South and East and West,
The mountain and the plain,
The prairie and the desert,
Yielded their flower again.
East and West and South and North,
The flower of the land,
Hearing the mother's call went forth
To stand at her right hand.

We be many hands in labor,
But one arm for the right;
One blood to shed, one heart till dead,
One good sword for the fight:
We be many-tongued and minded,
But one mind and one tongue
When once wide-sent through a continent
The Nation's word has rung!

Then Northern tongues sing Dixie
Beneath the ancient flag;

[1] *By permission of "The Youth's Companion."*

And the Southerner dies to rebaptize
His own the "Yankee rag"!
Brothers! — to keep for Freedom's sake
The flag of stars unfurled
Beneath the stars of Heaven — to make
The starlight of the world!

ONE LAND, ONE FLAG, ONE BROTHERHOOD

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER

Now silent are the forests old, amid whose cool retreats
Great armies met, and from the shore have passed the hostile fleets.
We hear no more the trumpet's bray or bugle's stirring call,
And full of dents, in quiet sheathed, the swords hang on the wall.

O'er frowning ramparts, where once shone the sentry's gleaming steel,
In swift and widely circling flight the purple swallows wheel;
Beside the Rappahannock's tide the robins wake their song,
And where the flashing sabres clashed, brown-coated sparrows throng.

The wealth of beauty that falls out from God's o'erflowing hand
Clothes with a fragrant garment the fields by death made grand.

In the deep silence of the earth war's relics slowly rust,
And tattered flags hang motionless, and dim with peaceful dust.

The past is past; the wild flowers bloom where charging squadrons met;
And though we keep war's memories green, why not the cause forget,
And have, while battle-stains fade out 'neath Heaven's pitying tears,
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, through all the coming years?

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES

BY MADISON CAWEIN

High on the world did our fathers of old,
Under the stars and stripes,
Blazon the name that we now must uphold,
Under the stars and stripes.
Vast in the past they have builded an arch
Over which freedom has lighted her torch,
Follow it! Follow it! Come, let us march
Under the stars and stripes!

We in whose bodies the blood of them runs,
Under the stars and stripes,
We will acquit us as sons of their sons,
Under the stars and stripes,
Ever for justice, our heel upon wrong,
We in the light of our vengeance thrice strong!

Rally together! Come tramping along
Under the stars and stripes!

Out of our strength and a nation's great need,
Under the stars and stripes,
Heroes again as of old we shall breed,
Under the stars and stripes.
Broad to the winds be our banner unfurled!
Straight in Spain's face let defiance be hurled!
God on our side, we will battle the world
Under the stars and stripes!

THE FLAG AND THE HYMN

The sights and sounds which most impressed Richard Harding Davis, the war correspondent, were those not of battle but of the interludes of peace. Within sight of the walls of the jail which confined Hobson, he writes, lay our trenches in the shape of a vast horseshoe, the five miles of which were planted with American flags. When they fluttered in the wind at full length and the sun kissed their colors, they made one of the most inspiring pictures of the war. The men would crouch for hours in the pits with these flags rustling over them, feeling well repaid for their service; while evening by evening they crept closer to the prisoners, signaling silent messages of hope and encouragement.

Then at sunset the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the national anthem, proclaiming something of a call to arms and something of a call to prayer. The discomforts of the day ceased to exist. The murmurs of the rifle pit, which were like the hum

of a great bazaar, were suddenly silent, and the men before the fire rose stiffly from their knees, and those in the trenches stood upright. On every hill as far as one could see, motionless figures stood with heads uncovered and with eyes fixed on the flags where their hands had planted them.

When the music had ceased the men pulled on their hats again and once more began to fry a piece of hardtack in a layer of fat, but for a moment they had seen the meaning of it all, and had been carried back to the country for which they were encountering weariness and hardships and disease and death, and were inspired with fresh courage and fresh resolve.

"It is merely a matter of sentiment," one of Napoleon's generals once said to him.

"Sentiment?" came the quick reply; "then it concerns what most enriches life." And Napoleon was right. The aim of life and life's self-denial as proved by the men in the trenches, are inspired rather than retarded by beautiful sights and melodious sounds. The flag and the hymn are intensely practical.

UNCOVER TO THE FLAG

BY E. C. CHEVERTON

Uncover to the flag; bare head
  Sorts well with heart as, humbly bowed,
We stand in presence of the dead
  Who make the flag their shroud.

Uncover to the flag, for there
  The patriot past is typified,
Of those who taught us how to dare
  For liberty, and died.

Uncover to the flag, for those
Of Concord and of Bunker Hill,
The first to fire on freedom's foes,
With shots that echo still.

Uncover to the flag, for him
Who sang the song, the gallant Key,
When in the dawn hour, gray and dim,
He strained, its stars to see.

Uncover to the flag, for one
Who scorned to have its colors dip,
And fighting all but flying none,
Cried, "Don't give up the ship."

Uncover to the flag, for him
Who stoutly nailed it to the mast,
And dauntlessly, or sink or swim,
Stood by it to the last.

Uncover to the flag; the land
It floats above is one anew,—
The North and South, now hand in hand,
See God's skies, gray and blue.

Uncover to the flag; it flew
Above the men who manned the *Maine*,
The pledge that we will mete the due
Of vengeance out to Spain!

Uncover to the flag; it stands
For all of bravest, all of best,
In us with flower-laden hands,
In those who lie at rest.

THE VOICE OF THE FLAG

ANONYMOUS

If yonder flag, hanging in graceful folds, could find expression, it might say to the world, "I had my birth in Philadelphia; my stripes of red and white and field of blue and thirteen stars were first kissed by Pennsylvania sunlight. I was the first to reach the top of your tower on Independence Hall; I was first to point out from whence came the music of your Liberty bell; I led the vanguard of the Continental Army from Valley Forge to Yorktown; I festooned the capitols of every State until, instead of thirteen, I displayed five and forty stars; I first blushed in protest against slavery in my native Keystone State; the lilies of France once floating over Fort Duquesne were lowered to the lion of St. George floating over Fort Pitt, but both gave way to me when the wind from the free Alleghenies unfurled my colors above the waters of the Ohio, at the town of Pittsburg; I led your conquering armies from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico; I was trailed in the dust, but rose again to feel the loyal grasp of Lincoln and Grant, and to give inspiration to the millions of men and women who loved the country and the cause for which I stood, and to-day I float in peace and in glory over every capitol in this broad land, and I stand for liberty, for the noblest ambitions of humanity, and for peace through the world and for the dignity and honor and protection of all who love liberty and equality, and who claim the sheltering protection which I have always given."

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY[1]

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Old Glory! say, who
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue —
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap your full length, as we're wanting you to? —

Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead —
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory — say, who —
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name — just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit

[1] *From "Home Folks," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1897. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

As salt as a tear; —
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrow thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God,
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

THE COLOR GUARD[1]

BY CHARLES W. HARWOOD

THERE were waving hands and banners, as the
crowded car rolled by,
There were shouts from merry children ringing to
the summer sky;
Then a strain of music rose and swelled and pealed
along the street,

[1] *By permission of "The Youth's Companion."*

As their gay, tumultuous clamor melted in a chorus sweet:

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!

Ah, the starry flag is glorious, and the children love it, too;
And the land is safe and happy where the children's hearts are true.
How their youthful ardor thrilled me, as the revelation came
That the Guard is ever changing, but the flag remains the same.

We were born too late for glory, but we still in memory keep
Stirring echoes from the battlefields where warrior fathers sleep,
We have held the flag as ours, but, lo! the years are passing by,
And a newer generation waves the Stars and Stripes on high.

Better thus! for now the rancors of the strife no more appal;
And the children know no faction, and the flag belongs to all.
Be it so! we yield the prestige, for the New Guard comes apace,

With the strength of youthful millions, loyal purpose
in its face.

Flag of peace or flag of battle! Children, it is *yours*
to love!
Will you honor and defend it, as the gift of God
above?
Ah! the children's hearts are loyal! From a myriad
array
North and South there comes the answer, as it came
that summer day:

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

III

IN PRAISE OF OLD GLORY

OLD FLAG FOREVER

BY FRANK L. STANTON

She's up there,— Old Glory,— where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead,—
The flag of our country forever!
She's up there,— Old Glory,— how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of light are agleam!
And we dare for her, living or dream the last dream,
'Neath the flag of our country forever!
She's up there,— Old Glory,— no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.
She's the flag of our country forever!

THE NATIONAL BANNER

BY EDWARD EVERETT

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast!

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the

American shall behold it, may it have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame!

Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday-triumphs, on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

FLAG SONG[1]

(Air, "Yankee Doodle.")

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OUT upon the four winds blow,
Tell the world your story;
Thrice in hearts' blood dipped before
They called your name Old Glory!
Stream, Old Glory, bear your stars
High among the seven;
Stream a watch fire on the dark,
And make a sign in Heaven!

Mighty harvests gild your plains,
Mighty rivers bear them,

[1] *Reprinted from "The Independent."*

Everywhere you fly you bid
All the hungry share them:
Blooms the wilderness for you,
Plenty follows after,
Underneath your shadow go
Peace and love and laughter.

When from sky to sky you float,
Far in wide savannas,
Vast horizons lost in light
Answer with hosannas.
Symbol of unmeasured power,
Blessed promise sealing,
All your hills are hills of God,
And all your founts are healing!

Still to those the wronged of earth
Sanctuary render;
For hope and home and Heaven they see
Within your sacred splendor!
Stream, Old Glory, bear your stars
High among the seven;
Stream a watch fire on the dark,
And make a sign in Heaven!

THE FLAG

BY BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER

O BANNER blazoned in the sky,
Fling out your royal red;
Each deeper hue to crimson dye
Won by our sainted dead.

Ye bands of snowy whiteness clean
That bar the waning day,
Stand as the prophecy of things unseen
Toward which we hew our way.

Fair field of blue, a symbol true
Of Right, of Faith, of God,
O'erarch us as we seek anew
The path our fathers trod.

Ye clustered stars that gleam above,
Our darkness turn to light;
Reveal to men Heaven's law of love —
Then ends the world's long night.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

BY JAMES T. FIELDS

Rally round the flag, boys —
Give it to the breeze!
That's the banner that we bore
On the land and seas.

Brave hearts are under it,
Let the *traitors* brag,
Gallant lads, fire away!
And fight for the flag.

Their flag is but a rag —
Ours is the true one;
Up with the Stars and Stripes!
Down with the new one!

Let our colors fly, boys —
Guard them day and night;
For victory is liberty,
And God will bless the right.

THE STRIPES AND THE STARS

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

O STAR-SPANGLED Banner! the flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your red, white, and blue,
For the heart of the Northland is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will,
Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and still!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death — for the Stripes and the Stars!

From prairie, O plowman! speed boldly away —
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day!
Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman come home!
Let smith leave his anvil and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry:
For God and our country we'll fight till we die!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death — for the Stripes and the Stars!"

Invincible banner! the flag of the free,
Oh, where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
Or the hands to be folded, till triumph is won

And the eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting — a murmur of prayer —
Then forward! the fame of our standard to share!
With welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death — for the Stripes and the Stars!

O God of our fathers! this banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown —
We fear not the summons — we fight not alone!
O lead us, till wide from the gulf to the sea
The land shall be sacred to freedom and Thee!
With love for oppression; with blessing, for scars —
One country — one banner — the Stripes and the Stars!

OLD GLORY

BY A. S. GUMBART, D.D.

THERE are some lessons suggested to us by the colors of the flag. The white is the symbol of purity. It stands for the ideal virtue which should be exercised under certain circumstances and conditions. In a statesman it would stand for a pure and incorrupt citizenship; in a judge it would stand for integrity; in a business man it would stand for honesty; in view of sickness it would stand for humility, and in relation to the poor it stands for charity. In fact, it stands for everything that is godly.

The red stands for love. This color receives its symbolism from the blood, and reminds us that every true patriot should be willing to die for the love of

country; to shed his blood if necessary in the hour of the Nation's peril. But more particularly does the red symbolize that divine love which should dwell in every breast and be the ruling passion in every soul.

The stars upon the azure are symbols of light and heavenly protection. They teach us that every state should be a symbol of light, of righteousness, of truth. They remind us, also, that Heaven is above us, underneath, and around us, and that in the darkest hour of the Nation's peril God's eye is upon us.

All hail, Old Glory, flag of the brave and the free! All hail, thou glorious banner, God bless thee and help thee!

OUR COLORS[1]

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

RED! 'tis the hue of battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And when thy sons go forth to war,
This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And pure as northern snow

[1] *By permission of "The Youth's Companion."*

May these thy stately children
In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars' unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise
At daybreak, noon and eventide
Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,
In threefold strength to-day
Raise high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth Freedom to the Land,
"And 'gainst a world of evil
Thy sons and thou shalt stand."

REGIMENT SONG

BY FRANK L. STANTON

THE old flag is a-doin' of her very level best,—
She's a rainbow roun' the country from the rosy east to the west;
An' the eagle's in the elements with sunshine on his breast,
An' we're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

We're marchin' to the music that is ringin' fur an' nigh;

You kin hear the hallelujahs as the regiments go by;
We'll live for this old country, or in Freedom's cause we'll die,—
We're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

THE FLAG

This incident occurred in China a few years ago. At a Fourth of July dinner in Shanghai, the English consul in toasting the British flag said:

"HERE is to the Union Jack — the flag of flags — the flag that has floated on every continent and on every sea for a thousand years — the flag on which the sun never sets."

It was such a strong sentiment that the Americans were a little overawed, until the American humorist, Eli Perkins, was called to toast the Stars and Stripes. Looking directly in the faces of the Englishmen, he said:

"Here is to the Stars and Stripes of the New Republic; when the setting sun lights up her stars in Alaska, the rising sun salutes her on the rock-bound coast of Maine. It is the flag of Liberty, never lowered to any foe, and the only flag that whipped the flag on which the sun never sets."

THE FLAG

BY M. W. S.

ROLL a river wide and strong,
Like the tides a-swinging.
Lift the joyful floods of song,
Set the mountains ringing.

Run the lovely banner high,—
  Crimson morning-glory!
Field as blue as yonder sky,
  Every star a story.

Let the people, heart and lip,
  Hail the gleaming splendor!
Let the guns from shore and ship
  Acclamation render!
All ye oceans, clasp your hands!
  Echo plains and highlands,
Speed the voice through all the lands
  To the Orient islands.

Darling flag of liberty!
  Law and Love revealing,
All the downcast turn to thee,
  For thy help appealing.
In the front for human right,
  Flash thy stars of morning,
All that hates and hides the light
  Flies before thy warning.

By the colors of the day,
  By the breasts that wear them,
To the living God we pray
  For the brave that bear them!
Run the rippling banner high;
  Peace or war the weather,
Cheers or tears, we'll live or die
  Under it together.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG[1]

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN

FROM the settlements of Jamestown in Virginia (1607) and at Plymouth in Massachusetts (1620) until the American Revolution (1775) the flag of England was the flag of the colonists. The king's colors flew on forts and ships of war, but the white ensign with the red cross of St. George was the flag of the people.

The protest of the colonists against unjust rule led to the assumption of liberty flags in every colony. In 1775 a flag was adopted by the colonies to mark their union for securing, by force if necessary, their rights as Englishmen. On the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of American Independence proclaimed "that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved," and a year later the Congress adopted the flag of thirteen stripes with its union of thirteen stars — a new constellation — to symbolize the birth of a new nation.

During the whole history of America, therefore, our flag has been the flag of a *country*, not the personal standard of a king or of an emperor. It stands, and it has stood for us as the symbol of an abstract idea, not as the sign of the power of any ruler. It is, and it has been, a national flag, not a personal standard.

This is by no means the case with the flags of other and of older nations that have gone through

[1] *From "Our Country's Flag," by Edward S. Holden. D. Appleton & Company.*

a different development and have had a different history. France, for example, is far older than the United States, yet the French people had no national flag until after the revolution of 1789. Before that time its banners represented the power of the king. They were personal standards, not national flags.

The oriflamme of St. Denis was borne before the armies of France because the French king had succeeded to the honors of knight-banneret of the famous Abbey of St. Denis. It represented the national aspirations in a manner; but it chiefly symbolized the belief that the power of God was on the side of the French monarchs. Ever since the Crusades, the banner of St. George has stood for England, not for the power of the English king.

The idea of nationality has not sprung up in the world all at once. In the beginning of things an army or a tribe gathered round a chief, and his personal standard stood for the power of the army, and the army was the state. As the state grew stronger and more complex the chief of the state became — as in the later years of the Roman Republic — merely its leading citizen and soldier; and the emblems of power grew more and more to represent the majesty of the state itself. The color-bearer of the Roman legion advanced the eagle-standard against the enemy in the name of the Republic and of the commanding general.

Mediæval Europe was under feudal lords in whom, once more, the power of their petty states was concentrated. Their personal standards once more represented the army and the state. The religious banners given by the Church to lords and princes had

something of the character of national banners; and the crosses of different colors borne by the Crusaders (white crosses for the English, red for the French, etc.) distinguished soldiers of different nationalities. But even the Crusaders owed their first fealty to the banners of their personal chiefs. Each knight followed the fortunes of his overlord.

It was not until very recent times that the idea was born that each nationality must have its separate flag. The flag of Germany dates from 1871; that of Italy from 1848; China's flag dates from 1872, Japan's from 1859.

The American boy who reads this book must recollect that his flag, like the flag of England, has always been the flag of a people, and that he unconsciously thinks of it as *his* flag in a stricter and more personal sense than if he were a Bavarian or a Prussian lad, whose national flag — the German — is not yet a generation old. There are centuries of devotion to the symbols of the flag in our English blood.

A flag is a symbol that stands for all these things just as the cross stands for Christianity. How is it that the symbol of the cross really represents Christianity to our thoughts, not merely to our eyes? How is it that a flag, which is nothing more than a bit of colored cloth to our touch or to our sight, really comes to stand for the idea of our country?

Symbols stand close to man and interpret great ideas to him. They enable his feeble imagination to maintain a grasp on vast abstractions like the idea of religion, or of country. Two bits of stick crossed and held aloft have sustained the fainting heart of many a Christian martyr in the presence of the savage beasts of the arena; and the sight of his country's

flag has nerved the arm of many a soldier in extremest stress and trial.

A true and complete history of the flags of the world — of national symbols — would be nothing less than a history of the aspirations of men and nations, and of the institutions that they have devised to obtain the object of their hopes and to preserve intact what they have conquered.

STAND BY THE FLAG

BY JOHN NICHOLS WILDER

STAND by the Flag! Its stars, like meteors gleaming,
Have lighted Arctic iceberg, southern seas,
And shone responsive to the stormy beaming
Of old Arcturus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the Flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the Flag! On land and ocean billow
By it your fathers stood unmoved and true,
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the Flag! Immortal heroes bore it
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat and armed defense;
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it,
A guard celestial from Omnipotence.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make Tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make Tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.— Cho.

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!

The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
— Cho.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

BY A. P. PUTNAM

The flag of the Union — what precious associations cluster around it! Not only have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battlefields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection!

Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed — what storms of shot and shell — what scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec.

It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry, just on the eve of his great naval victory,— the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the heights of her national palaces.

Brave hands raised it above the eternal region of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains of the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world?

With what joy and exultation have seamen and tourists gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspiration of patriotism! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many heroes have its folds covered in death!

And wherever that flag has gone it has been a herald of a better day — it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it. All who sigh for the triumph of righteousness and truth salute and love it.

THE FLAG

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

THERE's a flag hangs over my threshold, whose folds are more dear to me
Than the blood that thrills in my bosom its earnest of liberty;
And dear are the stars it harbors in its sunny field of blue
As the hope of a further heaven, that lights all our dim lives through.

But now should my guests be merry, the house is in holiday guise,
Looking out through its burnished windows like a score of welcoming eyes.
Come hither, my brothers, who wander in saintliness and in sin;
Come hither, ye pilgrims of Nature, my heart doth invite you in.

My wine is not of the choicest, yet bears it an honest brand;
And the bread that I bid you lighten, I break with no sparing hand:
But pause, ere ye pass to taste it, one act must accomplished be,—
Salute the flag in its virtue, before ye sit down with me.

The flag of our stately battles, not struggles of wrath and greed,
Its stripes were a holy lesson, its spangles a deathless creed;
'Twas red with the blood of freemen, and white with the fear of the foe;
And the stars that fight in their courses 'gainst tyrants its symbols know.

Come hither, thou son of my mother; we were reared in the self-same arms;
Thou hast many a pleasant gesture, thy mind hath its gifts and charms;
But my heart is as stern to question as mine eyes are of sorrows full:
Salute the flag in its virtue, or pass on where others rule!

Thou lord of a thousand acres, with heaps of uncounted gold,
The steeds of thy stall are haughty, thy lackeys cunning and bold:
I envy no jot of thy splendor, I rail at thy follies none,—
Salute the flag in its virtue, or leave my poor house alone!

Fair lady with silken flouncings, high waving thy
stainless plume,
We welcome thee to our banquet, a flower of costliest
bloom.
Let an hundred maids live widowed to furnish thy
bridal bed;
But pause where the flag doth question, and bend thy
triumphant head.

Take down now your flaunting banner; for a scout
comes breathless and pale,
With the terror of death upon him; of failure is all his
tale:
'They have fled while the flag waved o'er them,
they've turned to the foe their back;
They are scattered, pursued, and slaughtered; the
fields are all rout and wrack."

Pass hence, then, the friends I gathered, a goodly
company,
All ye that have manhood in you, go, perish for
Liberty!
But I and the babes God gave me will wait with up-
lifted hearts;
With the firm smile ready to kindle, and the will to
perform our parts.

When the last true heart lies bloodless, when the
fierce and the false have won,
I'll press in turn to my bosom each daughter and
either son:
Bid them loose the flag from its bearings, and we'll
lay us down to rest
With the glory of home about us, and its freedom
locked in our breast.

THE TWO BANNERS OF AMERICA

BY HERRICK JOHNSON

It makes the blood tingle and the cheeks glow to read how men have gone into battle under the inspiration of the "red, white, and blue." It is enough to make the nation weep for joy, their devotion to the dear old flag; "Old Glory," they call it.

I saw a young sergeant in the hospital at Fredericksburg. He was dying there with the "Stars and Stripes" about him. Arms, haversack, canteen, blanket, all were lost; but he had clung to "Old Glory." His lips moved; we stooped to listen. He was making his last charge: "Come on, boys! our country and our flag forever;" and, wrapped in stars, he went up among the stars.

Lift aloft, then, the "star-spangled banner." Unfurl it to the breeze that every zephyr may kiss the sacred folds, red with the blood of God's heroes, white with God's justice, and blue with heaven's own azure. Bear it upward and onward, O braves of a free people! until over the whole vast extent of Liberty's soil shall again be seen "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, once more full high advanced."

I believe that God has made this whole land a cradle of liberty; and is rocking, rocking it to and fro, to and fro, with omnipotent arms; and, as the nations hear the thunder of that rocking, we pray God that it may never cease till Liberty shall need rocking no more in her cradle, but shall stand up, fair and young and strong — true liberty, liberty for the body and liberty for the soul, and shall walk as a queen through

the land, the daughter of our Christianity, the nursling of God and America.

Yet above the banner of the Constitution, above the banners of the American soldiers and sailors, above even the "Stars and Stripes," high over all, let us praise the banner of the cross, that we and the world may read its sacred motto: "Immanuel — God with us." And then, with the mystic cords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave, to every living heart and hearthstone over all this broad land swelling again the chorus of the Union, we shall go on, giving light to the nations and liberty to man and honor to God!

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;
O tell us what its name may be —
Is this the flower of liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty!

THE TATTERED FLAG[1]

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

WHAT a line of them, brave and bright, flags that toss in the summer breeze,

[1] *By permission of "The Youth's Companion."*

Bars of crimson and bars of white — cluster'd stars like the Pleiades!
Not a rent in the shining silk, not a stain that the eye can see;
Hands that fashioned them white as milk — very fair should the emblem be!

Ah! but yonder what tattered thing, shreds and ribbons of shabby rags?
Sure, a mockery — fit to swing just as a foil to the brighter flags!
Dark the gash in the azure field — stars thrust out — and the wide-mouthed wounds
Left to gape with their lips unsealed! Sport for all, as it goes its rounds!

What! a cheer and a three times three swelling up for the tattered flag?
Staff held high for the crowd to see, all hats doffed to the dingy rag?
Brothers' blood for the stains, you say? Foemen's lead for the rents uncouth?
Gleam of those lost stars led the way storming straight to the cannon's mouth?

Well, then, thus do I make amend — fling my cap as the flag goes by,
Count no cost of the breath I spend — who cheers lustier, you or I?
Brave old flag with its flaunting shreds! Dear old flag with its spattered blue!
Cheer it on, with uncovered heads — think in what hail of death it flew!

Every shred in the rippling wind tells its tale of the bitter fight;
Soldiers stricken and dropped behind, columns shattered to left and right;
Shriek of the wounded, and, overhead, shriek of the awful wraith-like shell;
Hard-clasped hands of the ghastly dead; blaze of the guns like the glare of hell.

Who that lived through it came away whole in body or whole in mind,
Spirit tuned to the light and gay, fit to trifle with humankind?
All were torn like the flags they bore, all came back with the wound and stain;
Haunted by battles, they fight them o'er still in the smoke of the purpled plain!

Hail to the flag with its broken staff! hail to the heroes who bore it through!
Bitter the cup which they dared to quaff — equal the praise and the honor due.
Lift up the flag to the smiling sun, lift it up to dear Freedom's sky;
Let it tell of the battles won — tell of the graves where the victors lie!

THE STARS AND STRIPES

ANONYMOUS

THERE is now no nation which is not familiar with the Stars and Stripes. In the seaports of ancient China the star-spangled ensign is known as "the

flower-flag," its brilliant dyes suggesting to the fanciful Chinese a ready figure of speech. So the wandering Americans are sometimes spoken of as "the flower-flag people." To millions of men in other lands it is an emblem of popular liberty and human rights. To us it now means more than ever. It means a flag saved from dishonor, a nation preserved from disunion. The good Lincoln used to say during the war that though he saw that flag every day, he never regarded it for a moment steadfastly without emotion. To him it represented a republic in danger. So, to-day, as it floats in sunny splendor from numberless spires and spars, on land and sea, in pompous folds or in the tiny leaflet of the children, we may well regard it fondly, as bringing back the wonderful history of a hundred years. It glitters on the proudest frigate as it glittered first on the *Ranger* of Paul Jones. It floats peacefully from Maine to Alaska, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, as it waved amid shot and shell on the fields where the Republic was born and our right to a national flag was established. We do well to cherish a sentiment of passionate devotion to the Old Flag. No star is blotted, no stripe erased. It is the glory of countless homes.

And when the wanderer — lonely, friendless —
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless.

THE FLAG

BY HENRY LYNDEN FLASH

Up with the banner of the free!
Its stars and stripes unfurl,
And let the battle beauty blaze
Above a startled world.
No more around its towering staff
The folds shall twine again,
Till falls beneath its righteous wrath
The gonfalon of Spain.

That flag, with constellated stars,
Shines ever in the van!
And, like the rainbow in the storm,
Presages peace to man;
For still, amid the cannon's roar,
It sanctifies the fight,
And flames along the battle-lines,
The emblem of the right.

It seeks no conquest, knows no fear;
Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere,
As resolute as Fate.
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
No stain its honor mars;
And Freedom smiles, her fate secure
Beneath its steadfast stars.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

BY ROBERT C. WINTHROP

THERE is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments.

Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union past and present.

The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together — bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky — make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to

your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple, dearer to all hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale and see no other sign of hope upon the storm cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is its own radiant hues — dearer, a thousand fold dearer to us all than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no speech nor language where their voices are not heard. There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has been so long raging. But, before all and above all other associations and memories,— whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places,— its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and of the Laws.

OLD FLAG

BY HUBBARD PARKER

WHAT shall I say to you, Old Flag?
You are so grand in every fold,
So linked with mighty deeds of old,

So steeped in blood where heroes fell,
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,
So calm, so still, so firm, so true,
My throat swells at the sight of you,
Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill,
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,
That you might float in glorious pride,
Old Flag?

What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,
Sent forth a husband, lover, child,
Who labored in the field by day,
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,
And thought that God great mercy gave,
If only freely you might wave,
Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag?
What but to set all people free,
To rid the world of misery,
To guard the right, avenge the wrong,
And gather in one joyful throng
Beneath your folds in close embrace
All burdened ones of every race,
Old Flag.

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag
Your stars shine out for liberty,

Your white stripes stand for purity,
Your crimson claims that courage high
For Honor's sake to fight and die.
Lead on against the alien shore!
We'll follow you e'en to Death's door,
Old Flag!

IV

PATRIOTISM

HAIL, AMERICA

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

Hail, son of peak and prairie,
Triumphant o'er thy foes!—
Shod with the sands of Cuba,
Crowned with the Klondike snows!

The breast that nursed thee, shrunk with age,
Still yielded milk of power;
Past kingdoms prophesied thy birth
And groaned to see thy hour.
Hark! Egypt moves her lips of stone:
"For thee I labored long."
Listen! The isles of Homer:
"We named thee in our song."

I hear a mighty struggling
Like grave-clothes torn from death;
Millions of lips unmuffled
Pour unaccustomed breath:
"Hail, foundling of the western seas,
Hail, harsh and sacred sod,
Where the strong plant of Freedom
Holds up its leaves to God!

"For thee our toil, our anguish,
The pathos of our years,

Our baths in bleeding battles,
Our lives in sweat and tears!"

. . . . . .

Hark! like a climbing sun, the Voice
Mounts upward,— owns the sky,
And clarions from the zenith
In trumpet-tongued reply:

"Ye shall no longer wait me,
Nor call upon my name,
I come, O buried fathers,
The latest fruit of fame!
The Indies pay me tribute,
The Andes bring me toll,
I own no serfs but loyal hearts
That kiss my kind control.

"My hands are free from slaughter,
The sheath conceals the sword,
I trust the regiments of Heaven,
And navies of the Lord!
Peace is my guard and angel,
Her wings above me stir,—
Mine arms I reach to all the world,
Mine eyes I turn to her.

"Yet, ah! if honor's ensign
Be trampled in the dust,
With angry sorrow let me show
How strife may still be just;
I will tell History that she lies,
Even at her very door,
And buy a more enduring peace
At the red cost of war.

"Trafalgar greets Manila,
All ages grow divine,
Distance is dead, the Past a dream,
And Marathon is mine!
Wherever heroes die for truth,
Beneath whatever sun,
The years are lovers clasping hands,
And all the world is one!

"O buried sires, your hands are mold —
That once were hot to slay,
Those eyes are filled with dust, that gorged
With sight of human prey.
Kings tremble on their purple thrones,
Crowns crumble, tyrants die,
While down untold Millenniums,
March Destiny and I!"

That tattered flag your father kiss'd,
Fling, boy, against the gale!
And join the cry that rends the sky:
Hail, home of freedom, hail!
Hail, son of peak and prairie!
Hail, lord of coast and sea!
Our prayers and song,— our lives belong,
Land of our love, to thee!

PURE PATRIOTISM

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE

Do you know how much money Washington received for his services as commander-in-chief of the army in the time of the American Revolution? Not

one farthing. His successors in the army have received their $17,000 or $19,000 salary a year. But for Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the Delaware crossing, and all the other horrors of the Revolution, Washington received not a farthing.

What but pure love of country inspired Governor Nelson of Virginia, during the Revolutionary War, when, at the siege of Yorktown, Lafayette asked him to what point the cannon had better be directed, and Governor Nelson answered, "Point to that house; it is mine, and the best house in town, and Lord Cornwallis will surely be occupying that as his head-quarters." What but patriotism led Bismarck, when at one time he was threatened with death because of his effort to get Germany away from the Austrian clutches to cry out: "What care I if they hang me provided the rope by which I am hanged binds this new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne?"

OUR COUNTRY

ANONYMOUS

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in the ver-

ant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Mississippi. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the nimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of ne rustling cane and in the golden robes of the rice elds. No! These are but the sister families of one reater, better, holier, family, our country!

TRUE SPARTAN PATRIOTISM

BY PLUTARCH

Lycurgus taught his citizens to think nothing more isagreeable than to live for themselves. Like bees, ney acted with one impulse for the public good, and lways assembled about their prince. They were ossessed with a thirst for honor and enthusiasm bor-ering upon insanity, and had no wish but for their ountry.

These sentiments are confirmed by some of their phorisms. When Pædaretus lost his election for one f the three hundred, he went away rejoicing that nere were three hundred better men than himself ound in the city. Pisistratides going with some thers, ambassador to the King of Persia's lieutenants, as asked whether they came with a public commis-on or on their own account, to which he answered, If successful, for the public; if unsuccessful for our-elves."

THE TRUE PATRIOT

He cares too much for his country to uphold her in ny wrong.

He does not reserve his patriotism until he has a nance to die for his country; he lives for her.

He does not urge the selection of the best men for candidates, and then refuse to serve when called upon, though at the cost of time and money and inclination.

He does not vote for bad men, and then plead that he did not know they were bad. He takes time to investigate the characters of candidates.

AMERICA

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

From the National Ode, July 4, 1876.

FORESEEN in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man;
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,

As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!

THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

It is said that when General Grant first took command of a large body of troops, he established a rule from which he never swerved, that whenever a battle was to be fought, the last thing before the order to march was to see that every commander had his watch in time with his own. Fifty-two States and Territories are waiting for the standard time of the American school-idea. Let it be Patriotism, first, last, and always; Patriotism in the history; in the reading-lesson; in the general exercises; in the flags that adorn the school-rooms.

— *Albert Edward Winship.*

If all youth, sprung from whatever nationality, could be brought to know and reflect upon the origin, history and nature of our political institutions; if they were early made to realize their cost in treasure and blood, and the unspeakable benefits they have conferred upon the American people, we should have unity and strength of public spirit, and a sensibility to the common reputation and interests, that would be stronger than the pride of dominion, and a surer defense than armies and navies.

— *James Willis Patterson.*

Let it not be forgotten that patriotism is one of the positive lessons to be taught in every school. Everything learned should be flavored with a genuine love of country. Every glorious fact in the nation's history should be emphasized and lovingly dwelt upon. The names of her illustrious citizens should be treasured in the memory. Every child should feel that he is entitled to a share, not only in the blessings conferred by a free government, but also in the rich memories and glorious achievements of his country.

— *Richard Edwards.*

To the school and the college attaches vast responsibility for the future of America. A wholesale regeneration of the race is not possible. Society will be purified, institutions will be made better, and kept better, only as men are made better one by one. And to teachers, coöperating with Christian homes and the Church of the living God, is intrusted the preparation for noble, patriotic service of those who shall be "the men of light and leading" in the century so close at hand. The people must be educated, for the

people rule. With us, in the form of government which Providence has given us, and in which we believe, The People are King; and the loyal hope and prayer of our heart is, "May God save the King!"

— *Merrill Edward Gates.*

Liberty is a solemn thing; a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please, but it is a solemn thing. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay — if they can. A free people must be serious, for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world — to govern itself. Come that liberty! come none that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron and iron law, but of painful construction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience! — *Orville Dewey.*

THE PLEASURE OF PATRIOTISM

BY BOLINGBROKE

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublime geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country.

IN THE TIME OF STRIFE

BY FRANK L. STANTON

We may not know
How red the lilies of the spring shall grow;
What silver flood,
Sea-streaming, take the crimson tints of blood.

We may not know
If victory shall make the bugles blow;
If still shall wave
The flag above our freedom or our grave.

We only know
One heart, one hand, one country, meet the foe;
On land and sea
Her liegemen in the battle of the free.

LOVE OF COUNTRY[1]

ANONYMOUS

If love were the offspring of merit, then patriotism would find no difficulty in showing why a country is worth loving. But the Russian loves a land that has no freedom; the Spaniard, like the Irishman, loves a country that has no prosperity; the Chinaman loves a land that has no inspiration; the Eskimo loves a land that has for others no natural beauty. Men of each of these nationalities love their home land apparently for no other reason than because it is their own.

[1] *By permission of "The Youth's Companion."*

So long as being born in a country makes its patriots, there will be no better reason to give. If patriots would make their country.— if the people would all help to make their country better worth loving — the word patriotism would not sometimes mean so little.

It is poorly worth the name if it implies no more than the habit of association that attaches the savage to his hunting-ground or brings back the exiled cat to its wonted garret. True patriotism is something more than blind instinct.

Neither is it a partisanship or a worship. It has been said there is no such thing as a Turkish patriot. The Turk is first and last a Mohammedan.

Nor is patriotism a mere sentiment. It is a principle of duty; and it becomes more beneficent as it grows more enlightened. That will be when patriots cease to cry, "Our country, right or wrong!" and insist that its public life and its politics shall have nothing in them of which they need feel ashamed.

HOW "UNCLE SAM" WAS CHRISTENED

The term "Uncle Sam" came into use during the War of 1812 and originated at Troy, N. Y. The government inspector there was Samuel Wilson, universally known as "Uncle Sam." Whenever he inspected supplies furnished the government he would brand them "U. S.," meaning United States, but the abbreviation being then new and not generally recognized, the workmen supposed it to mean "Uncle Sam," the inspector. Afterward the story was repeated and got into print, and from that time the

name has been facetiously applied to the United States.

A PATRIOTIC FAMILY

From Foster's "Cyclopedia of Poetical Illustrations."

The father of a small family, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, felt that he could not stay at home while his neighbors went to the war. The boys agreed to take care of the place, and help mother, while the father fought for the flag. Each did his part well. The boys' farming elicited the commendation of a passing gentleman, to whom one of them said, "Father's fighting, I'm digging, and mother's praying." "Fighting, digging and praying!" cried the gentleman. "That's the patriotism that will bring the country out of her distress."

THE MORAL FORCES WHICH MAKE FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS

Peroration of the Speech of March 21, 1853, on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

BY EDWARD EVERETT

Sir, in our views of the glorious future that awaits the Union, we are apt to regard geographical extension as the measure and the index of our country's progress. I do not deny the general correctness of that impression. It is necessary for the formation of the highest type of national character that it should be formed and exhibited upon a grand and extensive

scale. It cannot be developed within the bounds of a petty state.

Nor do I admit that this idea of geographical extension necessarily carries with it — though it does perhaps by natural association — that of collision with other powers. But, sir, I think there is no fear, so far as geographical extension is necessary, but that we shall in the natural progress of things, have as much of it, and as rapidly as the best interests of the country admit or require.

In the meantime, if we wish a real, solid, substantial growth — a growth which will not bring us in collision with foreign powers — we shall have it in twenty-five years to our heart's content; not by the geographical accession of dead acres, not by the purchase of Cuba or by the partition of Mexico, but by the simple, peaceful increase of our population.

Sir, have you well considered that that mysterious law which was promulgated on the sixth day of the Creation: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth," will, in twenty-five years of peace and union — for it is all wrapped up in that — aided by the foreign immigration, give us another America of living men as large as that which we now possess? Yes, sir, as far as living men are concerned, besides replacing the millions which will have passed off the stage, it will give us all that the arm of Omnipotence could give us, if it should call up from the depths of the Pacific and join to the Union another America as populous as ours.

If, by any stroke of power or policy, you could to-morrow extend your jurisdiction from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn, and take in every state and every government, and all their population, it would not

give to you a greater amount of population, including your own, than you will have at the end of twenty-five years by the simple law of increase, aided by immigration from abroad.

I shall not live to see it. My children probably will. The Senator from Illinois, in all human probability, will live to see it, and there is, perhaps, no one more likely than he to impress his views of public policy upon the mind of those growing millions, and to receive from them in return all the honors and trusts which a grateful people can bestow upon those they respect and love.

Let me adjure him, then, to follow the generous impulses of his nature, and after giving, like a true patriot, his first affections to his own country, to be willing to comprehend all the other friendly countries of the earth within the scope of a liberal consideration, and, above all, to cultivate the spirit and arts of peace.

Sir, it is the opposite spirit of military aggrandizement, the spirit of conquest that has forged those chains in Europe, which the Senator so eloquently deplores. It was this that brought down Asia to the dust in the morning of the world, and has kept her seated in sackcloth and ashes ever since. This blasted Greece; this destroyed Rome. It was not a foreign enemy that laid the ax to the root of Rome's freedom; it was her own proconsuls coming home from the successful wars of Asia, gorged with the gold of conquered provinces.

The spirit of military aggrandizement and conquest has done the same thing for Europe. Will they not do it here, if we indulge them? Do not let the Senator think that I suspect he wishes to indulge

them; but will they not do it? Will they not give us vast standing armies, overshadowing navies, colossal military establishments, frightful expenditures, contracts, jobs, corruption which it sickens the heart to contemplate? And how can our simple republican institutions, our elective magistrates, our annual or biennial choice of those who are to rule over us, unsupported by hereditary claims or pretorian guards, be carried on under such influences?

Do not mistake, however, sir. I counsel no pusillanimous doctrine of nonresistance. Heaven forbid! Providence has placed us between the two great world oceans, and we shall always be a maritime power of the first order. Our commerce already visits every sea, and wherever it floats, it must be protected. Our immense inland frontier will always require a considerable army, and it should be kept in the highest state of discipline.

The schools of Annapolis and West Point ought to be the foster children of our Republic. Our arsenals and our armories ought to be kept filled with every weapon and munition of war, and every vulnerable point on the coast ought to be fortified. But while we act on the maxim, "In peace prepare for war," let us also remember that the best preparation for war is peace. This swells your numbers; this augments your means; this knits the sinews of your strength; this covers you all over with a panoply of might; and then, if war must come in a just cause, no power on earth — no, sir, not all combined — can send forth an adversary from whose encounter you need not shrink.

But give us these twenty-five years of peace. I do believe that the coming quarter of a century is to be

the most important in our whole history, and I do beseech you, let us have the twenty-five years, at least, of peace.

Let our fertile wastes be filled up with swarming millions; let the tide of immigration continue to flow in from Europe; let the steamer, let the canal, let the railway, especially the Great Pacific Railway, subdue these mighty distances, and bring this vast extension into a span; let us pay back the ingots of California gold with bars of Atlantic iron; let agriculture clothe our vast wastes with waving plenty; let the industrial and mechanic arts erect their peaceful fortresses at the waterfalls of our rivers; and then, in the train of this growing population, let the printing office, the lecture room, the school room, and the village church be scattered over the country; and, sir, in these twenty-five years, we shall exhibit a spectacle of national prosperity, such as the world has never seen on so large a scale, and yet within the reach of a sober, practical contemplation.

CENTENNIAL HYMN

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine

Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

1876.

V

FLAGS

ABOUT FLAGS

BY ELIZA E. CLARKE

Our flag has been called by various names, in song and story, as "Star-Spangled Banner," "Flag of the Free," "Banner of Liberty," "The Starry Flag," "Stripes and Stars," "Old Glory," etc. But by whatever name it may be called, the true American feels an enthusiastic sentiment of patriotism stirring in his heart, whenever its stripes and stars are unfolded to his sight.

Previous to the adoption of the stripes and stars as our national emblem, while each colony had its own flag, several attempts were made to arrange one which might serve the purpose of all. One of these consisted of thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, with a rattlesnake uncoiled diagonally upon it, the warning, "Don't tread on me," being suggestive of the ruling sentiment of the times.

There are various flags in common use of interest to all. Among them, the flag of truce bears an important part. It is a white flag, which is displayed to an enemy to show a desire for consultation, and which protects the bearer from injury from the enemy's fire when approaching their lines. After a battle, when both armies wish to send parties to the field to bury their dead and carry off the wounded, they go with safety under the flag of truce, as it is never fired upon in honorable warfare.

A black flag is a piratical emblem, and means "no quarter"; or, in other words death to all who are captured by the ship over which it floats. We can well imagine the dismay it must have carried to the hearts of those whose misfortune it was to see its dismal folds displayed at the masthead of an approaching vessel.

A yellow flag floating over a building, or from the mast of a ship shows that some contagious disease is prevailing there.

The expression, "dipping a flag," means lowering it slightly and raising it again as a salute to a vessel or fort.

If the President of the United States makes a sea voyage the flag is carried at the bow of his barge, or at the masthead of the ship he is on, which is then called a flagship. The same is true of the ship commanded by a commodore of the United States Navy.

"The flag of Fort McHenry," whose "broad stripes and bright stars" inspired Francis Key to write our national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," still exists in a tolerable state of preservation, and is in the possession of Mr. Eben Appleton, of Yonkers, N. Y., a grandson of Col. Armistead, the gallant defender of Fort McHenry. The stripes are two feet wide, and the stars are two feet from point to point. The flag is thirty feet wide and was originally forty feet long, without doubt; but its present curtailed dimensions is only thirty-two feet long.

"THE SOUTHERN CROSS"

BY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, OF VIRGINIA

Oh! say can you see, through the gloom and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation!
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.
Now radiant each star, as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, of assurance in war,
'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ever remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America's soil,
Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,
Which lurks under virtue, and springs from its coil
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel!
And the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again!

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day-star of hope,
Like the sacred Labarum that guided the Roman;
From the shores of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope,
'Tis the trust of the free, and the terror of foeman.
Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare
The rights we demand or the deeds that we dare!
While the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again!

And if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,

Then gladly "to arms," while we hurl, in our pride,
Defiance to tyrants and death to their minions!
With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,
Or return, like the Spartan, in death on our shield!
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave,
As the flag of the free, or the pall of the brave!
(Southern.)

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM

COME, brothers! rally for the right!
The bravest of the brave
Sends forth her ringing battle-cry
Beside the Atlantic Wave!
She leads the way in honor's path;
Come, brothers, near and far,
Come rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

We've borne the Yankee trickery,
The Yankee gibe and sneer,
Till Yankee insolence and pride
Know neither shame nor fear;
But ready now with shot and steel
Their brazen front to mar,
We hoist aloft the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

Now Georgia marches to the front,
And close beside her come
Her sisters by the Mexique Sea,
With pealing trump and drum;

Till answering back from hill and glen
The rallying cry afar,
A Nation hoists the Bonnie Blue Flag,
That bears a single star!

By every stone in Charleston Bay,
By each beleaguered town,
We swear to rest not, night nor day,
But hunt the tyrants down!
Till bathed in valor's holy blood
The gazing world afar
Shall greet with shouts the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the cross and star!
(Southern.)

HYMN TO THE NATIONAL FLAG

From "War Songs of the Confederacy."

BY M. J. PRESTON

FLOAT aloft, thou stainless banner!
Azure cross the field of light;
By thy brilliant stars the symbol
Of the pure and true and right.
Shelter freedom's holy cause —
Liberty and sacred laws;
Guard the youngest of the nations —
Keep her virgin honor bright.

From Virginia's storied border,
Down to Tampa's furthest shore —
From the blue Atlantic's clashings
To the Rio Grande's roar —

Over many a crimson plain,
Where our martyred ones lie slain —
Fling abroad thy blessed shelter,
Stream and mount and valley o'er.

In thy cross of heavenly azure
Has our faith its emblem high;
In thy field of white, the hallow'd
Truth for which we'll dare and die;
In thy red, the patriot blood —
Ah! the consecrated flood.
Lift thyself, resistless banner!
Ever fill our Southern sky!

Flash with living, lightning motion
In the sight of all the brave!
Tell the price at which we purchased
Room and right for thee to wave
Freely in our God's free air,
Pure and proud and stainless fair,
Banner of the youngest nation —
Banner we would die to save!

Strike thou for us! King of armies!
Grant us room in thy broad world!
Loosen all the despot's fetters,
Back be all his legions hurled!
Give us peace and liberty,
Let the land we love be free —
Then, oh! bright and stainless banner!
Never shall thy folds be furled!

(Southern.)

THOSE REBEL FLAGS

Discussed by "One of the Yanks."

BY JOHN H. JEWETT

SHALL we send back the Johnnies their bunting,
In token, from Blue to the Gray,
That "Brothers-in-blood" and "Good Hunting"
Shall be our new watchword to-day?
In older times knights held it knightly
To return to brave foemen the sword;
Will the Stars and the Stripes gleam less brightly
If the old Rebel flags are restored?

Call it sentiment, call it misguided
To fight to the death for "a rag";
Yet, trailed in the dust, derided,
The true soldier still loves his flag!
Does love die, and must honor perish
When colors and causes are lost?
Lives the soldier who ceases to cherish
The blood-stains and valor they cost?

Our battlefields safe in the keeping
Of Nature's kind, fostering care,
Are blooming,— our heroes are sleeping —
And peace broods perennial there.
All over our land rings the story
Of loyalty, fervent and true;
"One flag," and that flag is "Old Glory,"
Alike for the Gray and the Blue.

Why cling to those moth-eaten banners?
What glory or honor to gain

While the nation is shouting hosannas,
Uniting her sons to fight Spain?
Time is ripe, and the harvest worth reaping,
Send the Johnnies their flags f. o. b.,
Address to the care and safe-keeping
Of that loyal "old Reb," Fitzhugh Lee!

Yes, send back the Johnnies their bunting,
With greetings from Blue to the Gray;
We are "Brothers-in-blood," and "Good Hunting"
Is America's watchword to-day.

ABOUT FLAGS IN MARINE AND GOVERNMENT USE

A NATION'S flag represents its sovereign authority or right to rule.

An officer's flag is the symbol of his rank.

Such flags are of square design, to distinguish them from other flags, and are of special device and colors. The president and high-ranked navy and army officers are "flag officers."

To "dip the flag" is to lower, then quickly hoist the flag, in salute.

To "strike the flag" means submission.

A flag at "half mast" signifies mourning.

A White Flag means truce, and indicates to the enemy a desire for consultation.

A White Flag with a Red Cross in the Center is the sign of peace and protection. In times of war each side goes out on the battlefield to look after its slain and wounded under protection of the "red cross flag."

A Black Flag is the sign of piracy.

A Yellow Flag indicates the quarantine of a vessel, or is the sign of contagious disease.

A Red Flag is a sign of defiance; it also marks danger. Vessels in loading and unloading powder use this sign.

THE LARGEST FLAG

The largest flag in the world was made in San Francisco for Hawaii, and is eighty feet long. It consumed seven hundred yards of bunting, and will fly from a pole one hundred and fifty feet long.

FLAGS

Forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luster rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies.

Milton — *Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 535.

Ten thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons.

Milton — *Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 588.

The ensigns of their power.

Milton — *Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 65.

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion.

Milton — *Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 533.

Bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
MOORE — *To the Lord Viscount Forbes.*

The flag of our Union forever!
GEORGE P. MORRIS — *The Flag of Our Union.*

A garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot.
Richard III. Act IV. Sc. 4.

This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
Henry VI. Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

VI

A FLAG DAY STORY

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY[1]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

INTRODUCTION

Love of country is a sentiment so universal that is only on such rare occasions as called this book to being that there is any need of discussing it or justifying it. There is a perfectly absurd statement by Charles Kingsley, in the preface to one of his books, written fifty years ago, in which he says that, while there can be loyalty to a king or a queen, there cannot be loyalty to one's country.

This story of Philip Nolan was written in the darkest period of the Civil War, to show what love of country is. There were persons then who thought that if their advice had been taken there need have been no Civil War. There were persons whose everyday pursuits were greatly deranged by the Civil War. It proved that the lesson was a lesson gladly received. I have had letters from seamen who read it as they were lying in our blockade squadrons off the mouths of Southern harbors. I have had letters from men who read it soon after the Vicksburg campaign. And in other ways I have had many illustrations of its having been of use in what I have a right to call the darkest period of the Republic.

[1] *Reprinted from the latest edition, by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Company.*

To-day we are not in the darkest period of the Republic.

This nation never wishes to make war. Our whole policy is a policy of peace, and peace is the protection of the Christian civilization to which we are pledged. It is always desirable to teach young men and young women, and old men and old women, and all sorts of people, to understand what the country is. It is a Being. The LORD, God of nations, has called it into existence, and has placed it here with certain duties in defense of the civilization of the world.

It was the intention of this parable, which describes the life of one man who tried to separate himself from his country, to show how terrible was his mistake.

It does not need now that a man should curse the United States, as Philip Nolan did, or that he should say he hopes he may never hear her name again, to make it desirable for him to consider the lessons which are involved in the parable of his life. Any man is "without a country who, by his sneers, or by looking backward, or by revealing his country's secrets to her enemy, checks for one hour the movements which lead to peace among the nations of the world, or weakens the arm of the nation in her determination to secure justice between man and man, and in general to secure the larger life of her people." He has not damned the United States in a spoken oath.

All the same he is a dastard child.

There is a definite, visible Progress in the affairs of this world. Jesus Christ at the end of his life prayed to God that all men might become One, "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

The history of the world for eighteen hundred and

venty years since he spoke has shown the steady lfilment of the hope expressed in this prayer.

Men are nearer unity — they are nearer to being ne — than they were then.

Thus, at that moment each tribe in unknown Amer- a was at war with each other tribe. At this mo- ent there is not one hostile weapon used by one merican against another, from Cape Bathurst at the orth to the southern point of Patagonia.

At that moment Asia, Africa, and Europe were enes of similar discord. Europe herself knows so ttle of herself that no man would pretend to say hich Longbeards were cutting the throats of other ongbeards, or which Scots were lying in ambush for hich Britons, in any year of the first century of our a.

Call it the "Philosophy of History," or call it the Providence of God," it is certain that the unity of ne race of man has asserted itself as the Saviour of ankind said it should.

In this growing unity of mankind it has come about at the Sultan of Turkey cannot permit the massacre f Armenian Christians without answering for such ermission before the world.

It has come about that no viceroy, serving a woman, ho is the guardian of a boy, can be permitted to arve at his pleasure two hundred thousand of God's ildren. The world is so closely united — that is to y, unity is so real— that when such a viceroy does ndertake to commit such an iniquity, somebody shall old his hands.

The story of Philip Nolan was published in such crisis that it met the public eye and interest. It et the taste of the patriotic public at the moment.

It was copied everywhere without the slightest deference to copyright. It was, by the way, printed much more extensively in England than it was in America. Immediately there began to appear a series of speculations based on what you would have said was an unimportant error of mine. My hero is a purely imaginary character. The critics are right in saying that not only there never was such a man, but there never could have been such a man. But he had to have a name. And the choice of a name in a novel is a matter of essential importance, as it proved to be here.

Now I had a hero who was a young man in 1807. He knew nothing at that time but the valley of the Mississippi River. "He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer, or a French merchant from Orleans." He must therefore have a name familiar to Western people at that time. Well, I remembered that in the preposterous memoirs of General James Wilkinson's, whenever he had a worse scrape than usual to explain, he would say that the papers were lost when Mr. Nolan was imprisoned or was killed in Texas. This Mr. Nolan, as Wilkinson generally calls him, had been engaged with Wilkinson in some speculations mostly relating to horses. Remembering this, I took the name Nolan for my hero. I made my man the real man's brother. "He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas." And again:— "he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin."[1] I had the impression that Wil-

[1] *Young authors may observe that he is called a brother in one place and a cousin in another, because such slips would take place in a real narrative. Proofreaders do not like them, but they give a plausibility to the story.*

nson's partner was named Stephen, and as Philip d Stephen were both evangelists in the Bible, I med my man Philip Nolan, on the supposition that e mother who named one son Stephen would name other Philip. It was not for a year after, that, in king at Wilkinson's "Memoirs" again, I found my amazement, not to say my dismay, that Wilkin-n's partner was named Philip Nolan. We had, erefore, two Philip Nolans, one a real historical aracter, who was murdered by the Spaniards on e 21st of March, 1801, at Waco in Texas; the other urely imaginary character invented by myself, who pears for the first time on the 23d of September, 07, at a court-martial at Fort Adams.

I suppose nobody but myself in New England had er heard of Philip Nolan. But in the Southwest, Texas and Louisiana, it was but sixty-two years ce the Spaniards murdered him. In truth, it was e death of Nolan, the real Philip Nolan, killed by e Spanish governor while he held the safe-conduct another, which roused that wave of indignation in Southwest which ended in the independence of xas. I think the State of Texas would do well, day, if it placed the statue of the real Phil Nolan in Capitol at Washington by the side of that of Sam uston.

In the midst of the war the story was published in *Atlantic Monthly*, of December, 1863. In the uthwest the *Atlantic* at once found its way into ions where the real Phil Nolan was known. A iter in the *New Orleans Picayune*, in a careful torical paper, explained at length that I had been staken all the way through, that Philip Nolan never nt to sea, but to Texas. I received a letter from a

lady in Baltimore who told me that two widowed sisters of his lived in that neighborhood. Unfortunately for me, this letter, written in perfectly good faith, was signed E. F. M. Fachtz. I was receiving many letters on the subject daily. I suppose that my correspondent was concealing her name, and was really "Eager for More Facts." When in reality I had the pleasure of meeting her a year or two afterwards, the two widowed sisters of the real Phil Nolan were both dead.

But in 1876 I was fortunate enough, on the kind invitation of Mr. Miner, to visit his family in their beautiful plantation at Terre Bonne. There I saw an old negro who was a boy when Master Phil Nolan left the old plantation on the Mississippi River for the last time. Master Phil Nolan had then married Miss Fanny Lintot, who was, I think, the aunt of my host. He permitted me to copy the miniature of the young adventurer.

I have since done my best to repair the error by which I gave Philip Nolan's name to another person, by telling the story of his fate in a book called "Philip Nolan's Friends." For the purpose of that book, I studied the history of Miranda's attempt against Spain, and of John Adams's preparations for a descent of the Mississippi River. The professional historians of the United States are very reticent in their treatment of these themes. At the time when John Adams had a little army at Cincinnati, ready to go down and take New Orleans, there were no Western correspondents to the Eastern Press.

Within a year after the publication of the "Man Without a Country" in the *Atlantic* more than half

million copies of the story had been printed in merica and in England. I had curious accounts om the army and navy, of the interest with which was read by gentlemen on duty. One of our officers the State of Mississippi lent the *Atlantic* to a lady the Miner family. She ran into the parlor, crying ıt, "Here is a man who knows all about Uncle Phil olan." An Ohio officer, who entered the city of ıckson, in Mississippi, with Grant, told me that he ent at once to the State House. Matters were in a ood deal of confusion there, and he picked up from e floor a paper containing the examination of Philip olan, at Walnut Springs, the old name of Vicksırg. This was before the real Philip's last expedion. The United States authorities, in the execution the neutrality laws, had called him to account, and d made him show the evidence that he had the perission of the Governor of New Orleans for his exdition.

In 1876 I visited Louisiana and Texas, to obtain aterial for "Philip Nolan's Friends." I obtained ere several autographs of the real Phil Nolan,— d the original Spanish record of one of the trials the survivors of his party,— a trial which resulted the cruel execution of Ephraim Blackburn, seven ars after he was arrested. That whole transaction, nolly ignored by all historians of the United States own to me, is a sad blot on the American administation of the Spanish kings. Their excuse is the nfusion of everything in Madrid between 1801 and 07. The hatred of the Mexican authorities among r frontiersmen of the Southwest is largely due to e dishonor and cruelty of those transactions.

. . . . . .

The Man without a Country

I suppose that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement,—

"Nolan. Died, on board U. S. Corvette *Levant,* Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald.* My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, The Man without a Country." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have

ad Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it peaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, nd the personal honor of its members, that to the ress this man's story has been wholly unknown,— nd, I think, to the country at large also. I have rea- on to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau f Construction, that every official report relating to im was burned when Ross burned the public build- ngs at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possi- ly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the nd of the war; and when, on returning from his ruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crown- shields,— who was in the Navy Department when e came home,— he found that the Department ig- ored the whole business. Whether they really knew othing about it, or whether it was a *"Non mi icordo,"* determined on as a piece of policy, I do not now. But this I do know, that since 1817, and pos- bly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in is report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any nger. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way f showing young Americans of to-day what it is to

A Man without a Country.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there as in the "Legion of the West," as the Western vision of our army was then called. When Aaron urr made his first dashing expedition down to New rleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this y, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner- rty, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him,

walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he lost the fun which they found in shooting or rowing while he was working away on these grand letters to his grand friend. They could not understand why Nolan kept by himself while they were playing high-low jack. Poker was not yet invented. But before long the young fellow had his revenge. For this time His Excellency, Honorable Aaron Burr, appeared again under a very different aspect. There were rumors that he had an army behind him and everybody supposed that he had an empire before him. At that time the youngsters all envied him. Burr had not been talking twenty minutes with the commander before he asked him to send for Lieutenant Nolan. Then after a little talk he asked Nolan if he could show him something of the great river and the plans for the new post. He asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said,— really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook

o break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the hen House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Miss-ssippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of he summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,— that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big dies escaped,— rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy,—

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest com-

pany was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added,—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,— certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy — it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember — was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he

should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted,— perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men, — we are all old enough now,— regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid,* some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way: —

"WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807).

"SIR: — You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, for the
"Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war,— cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk

with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites; I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room,— he always had a state-room,— which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine,* which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though

the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long.

Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,—

> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,—

> "This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw that something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

> "Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand?—
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well,"—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

> "For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentered all in self,"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room. "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,— very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,— I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,— but generally

he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home,— if, as I say, it was Shaw,— rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps,— that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise,— it was once when he was up the Mediterranean,— that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Per-

haps it was not the *Warren,* or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's state-room for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps.* Only when some English lady — Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps — called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on

the air, and they all fell to,— the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said,— so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,—

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly, that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,—

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a Godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly,— a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after,—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"— and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was.— He

did not dance again. I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to.

These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways,— and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority,— who should go to the cock-pit with the wounded men, who should stay with him,— perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And

there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time,— showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot,— making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders,— and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,—

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; the commodore said,—

"I see you are, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said,—

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, he said,—

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches. It

was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter,— that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical

a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he used to read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the housefly and the mosquito. All these people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;* but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them,

— why Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain,— a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little

schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and anklecuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said: —

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them to-

ether; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as ell as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or wo fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as t had been found already, had worked for the Portuuese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell hem that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as ve can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish,"—that is, he exlained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could nderstand, and they in turn to such of the negroes s could understand them. Then there was such a yell f delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, issing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to he hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I vill take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was ractically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would e eternally separated from home there. And their nterpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, *Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other xpedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was ather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and sked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood n poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the hen down, and said:—

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, ake us to our own country, take us to our own house, ake us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' Ie says he has an old father and mother who will

die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:—

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that

stant home to His own heaven. Stick by your mily, boy; forget you have a self, while you do erything for them. Think of your home, boy; rite and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer nd nearer to your thought, the farther you have to avel from it; and rush back to it when you are ee, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for our country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, " never eam a dream but of serving her as she bids you, lough the service carry you through a thousand hells. o matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters u or who abuses you, never look at another flag, ever let a night pass but you pray God to bless that g. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you ve to do with, behind officers, and government, and ople even, there is the Country Herself, your Coun- y, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your vn mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand your mother, if those devils there had got hold of r to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; t I blundered out that I would, by all that was ly, and that I had never thought of doing any- ing else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, most in a whisper, say: " Oh, if anybody had said to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I ver abused, for I never told this story till now, nich afterward made us great friends. He was very nd to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at ght, to walk the deck with me, when it was my atch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathe- atics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics.

He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato,* involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr,—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

Philip Nolan, poor fellow, repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but never from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's hand-

some set of maps and cut Texas out of it,— from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit,— so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously: —

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that,

while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California,— this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say: —

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment,— rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter

which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

The reader will understand Danforth's letter, or the beginning of it, if he will remember that after ten years of Nolan's exile everyone who had him in charge was in a very delicate position. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnaping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:—

LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so

well, and had not left his stateroom,— a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,— the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom,— and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Captain,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?— Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,— God bless her!— a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful

ırr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on after such a life as mine! But tell me,— tell me some- ing,— tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

" Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that ıad not told him everything before. Danger or no dan- r, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should ve been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, inted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole anhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. olan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. hly, where shall I begin?'

" Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! d he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on e flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in entucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana d Mississippi,— that is where Fort Adams was,— they ake twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You ve not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

" Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the mes in as good order as I could, and he bade me take wn his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could th my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, d me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold oss near where he supposed his grave was; and he had essed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw lifornia and Oregon; — that, he said, he had suspected rtly, because he had never been permitted to land on ıt shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal be- es furs.' Then he went back — heavens, how far! — ask about the *Chesapeake,* and what was done to Barron surrendering her to the *Leopard,* and whether Burr r tried again,— and he ground his teeth with the only ssion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and

he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,— told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*,— asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,— of emigration, and the means of it,— of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs,— of inventions, and books, and literature,— of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School, — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what

mily; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for im!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have rooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was keeping up those regular successions in the first fam-ies.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Ex-edition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for e pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Vashington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think that would show the grandeur of his country and its osperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him word about this infernal rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell u. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public ayer' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it uld open at the right place,— and so it did. There was s double red mark down the page; and I knelt down d read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and r country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, not-thstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy ws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,' and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned the end of the same book, and I read the words more niliar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with y favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President the United States, and all others in authority,'— and rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I ve repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now y-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, ook in my Bible, Captain, when I am gone.' And I nt away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: —

"'*In Memory of*

"'PHILIP NOLAN,

"'*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

VII

EXERCISES

BUILDING THE STARS AND STRIPES

THIS lesson in building our first flag teaches the meaning of the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes.

The exercise should be given by fourteen little girls, dressed in pretty, light costumes. It may be carried out in a drawing on the blackboard by using colored crayon, or it can be made of paper as follows: Tack up on the front wall of the schoolroom a dark cambric cloth for a background. Mark out on this background the size and form of flag desired. From colored paper, prepare the blue field, twelve by ten inches, with the circle of thirteen stars. Also cut seven red and six white stripes, two inches wide; three white and three red, thirty-eight inches long and the rest twenty-six inches long. Print on each stripe the name of one of the original thirteen states,

Delaware, 1787,
Pennsylvania, 1787,
New Jersey, 1788,
Georgia, 1788,
Connecticut, 1788,
Massachusetts, 1788,
Maryland, 1788,
South Carolina, 1788,
New Hampshire, 1788,
Virginia, 1788,
New York, 1788,

North Carolina, 1788,
Rhode Island, 1788.

The children march out on the platform; all bow and repeat,

"As we make the flag to grow,
Its meaning you shall surely know."

First let Columbia, a little girl somewhat larger than the others, step forward from the line and pin on the background, the field of blue with the thirteen stars; she turns to the audience and repeats,

"A star for every state and a state for every star."

In turn the other little girls come forward and pin the states on in the order of their admission. While they are building the flag, music may be played, or the children can all sing the "Red, White and Blue." When the flag is finished, all unite in repeating the following:

An hundred years and more ago
Washington made our dear flag so,
With thirteen stripes and thirteen stars,
Blue field, and white and crimson bars;
Forming a banner for noble men,
From the number of states in the Union then.
And still it waves over our country great,
With a bright new star for each new state.

All bow and march off the platform.

THE LIVING FLAG

With a large body of children dressed in red, white and blue, a marching exercise can be arranged in which the children move in such a way as to form the stars and stripes of the flag.

THE RAISING OF THE FLAG.

The flag is raised on the schoolhouse, and as it flutters in the afternoon breeze the pupils salute it, and repeat in unison the following: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the country for which it stands — one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

ORDER OF SALUTE.

1. Eyes on flag, right hand touching forehead, face uplifted: "I pledge allegiance."
2. Right arm waving outward and upward, palm up: "To my flag and the country for which it stands. One nation, indivisible."
3. Expansive gesture, both arms waving outward: "With liberty and justice."
4. Hand brought down to side: "for all."

A POPULAR SALUTE TO THE FLAG.

"We give our heads and our hearts to our country. One country, one language, one flag."

1. The children rise and direct attention to the flag by extending right arm pointing to it.
2. Forehead touched with the tips of the fingers, repeating the words, "We give our heads."
3. Hands placed over the heart repeating, "And our hearts."
4. Both hands wave up repeating, "To our country."

5. Weight forward, hands at side, repeating, "One country."

6. Still standing, repeating, "One language."

7. Right hand pointing to the flag, repeat, with emphasis, "One flag."

THE SALUTE ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL S. S. DEPT. W. C. T. U.

"I give my head, my heart and this right hand, for God and home and native land."

"One country! One language! One flag! One God! To whom be praise forevermore."

SALUTE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

"We turn to our flag as the flowers turn to the light" (children turn to salute the flag). "We give our heads, our hearts and our hands to our country" (use movements given before, for the same words).

FLAG SONG

BY SARA F. ARCHER

For the whole school.

Air, "Marching Through Georgia."

This may also be used as a recitation, given by a boy wearing the national colors and carrying a flag. When used as a recitation the chorus may be sung by the school as the boy returns to his seat. It is suitable for any patriotic occasion. Wave the flag at the close of each verse.

BRING the good old banner, boys, the emblem of the free!
Fling its starry folds abroad that all the world may see!

So it floated proudly o'er the sons of liberty,
When they were fighting for freedom.

Here we see the scarlet strife that tells of gallant blood
Poured on many a battlefield, a patriotic flood,
Dewing with its gushing tide the heroes of the sea,
When they were fighting for freedom.

White betokens purity, the watchword of the brave,
Dying for a principle that all the world may save.
Pure in heart and purpose sank the heroes to the grave.
When they were fighting for freedom.

Blue the skies above us are, and gemmed with starry light,
Blue for truth to God and man, triumphant for the right,
Red and white, and blue they chose, these heroes of the fight,
Chose for the badge of a freeman.

CHORUS.

Behold! behold! the flag that floats above!
And cheer! and cheer! the stars and stripes we love.
How the Revolutionary soldiers won the day,
When they were fighting for freedom.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

Recitation and Chorus.

As soon as the colonists had fully decided to separate from the British, they resolved to have a flag of their own. Many devices were proposed and rejected. About a month before the Declaration of Independence a committee was appointed to see about having a flag made. George Washington was one of this committee. A design was drawn, and with this he went to Mrs. John Ross, who was a skillful needlewoman. She agreed to undertake the making of the flag, and must have been successful, for she was employed many years by the government in this branch of needlework.

It was June 14, 1777, that the Stars and Stripes were officially adopted as the ensign of the United States. Although the resolution establishing the flag was not officially promulgated by the Secretary of Congress until September 3, 1777, it seems well authenticated that the Stars and Stripes were carried at the battle of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and thenceforward during all the battles of the Revolution. Soon after its adoption, the new flag was hoisted on the naval vessels of the United States. The ship *Ranger*, bearing the Stars and Stripes and commanded by Captain Paul Jones, arrived at a French port about December 1, 1777, and her flag received on February 14, 1778, the first salute ever paid to the American flag by foreign naval vessels. The flag remained unchanged for about eighteen years after its adoption. By this time two more States

(Vermont and Kentucky) had been admitted to the Union; and on January 18, 1794, Congress enacted that from and after the 1st day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field. This flag was the national banner from 1795 to 1818, during which period occurred the War of 1812 with Great Britain. By 1818 five additional States (Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana and Mississippi) had been admitted into the Union, and, therefore, a further change in the flag seemed required. After considerable discussion in Congress on the subject, the Act of April 4, 1818, was passed, which provided:

"*First.* That from and after the 4th day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"*Second.* That on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July next succeeding such admission."

Its stars have increased in number until they crowd the blue field. The territory over which it proudly waves in triumph as the banner of the free has widened from year to year until it stretches from ocean to ocean. The three million people who hailed its birth with cheers have grown to nearly an hundred million and almost all this increase has been peacefully gained. Texas is our only trophy of conquest by war. Wide and fair and powerful as is this land, it never could have been filled with its wonderful people unless patriotic and enterprising men had made sacrifices to lead in its development and expansion.

(School rises, salutes flag and recites)

"Here's welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death for the stripes and the stars.

. . . . . .

Invincible banner! the flag of the free,
Oh! where treads the foot that would falter for thee?"

PATRIOTIC QUOTATIONS

Each child responds to roll-call with a quotation.

1. PRAISE the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.— *Francis Scott Key.*

2. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.— *Daniel Webster.*

3. The best citizen is he who has the best heart, the best character, the most charity and sympathy, and he who will give to another citizen the protection he asks for himself.— *Wm. McKinley.*

4. They never fail who die in a great cause. —*Byron.*

5. Freedom, truth, and liberty, is the motto of the free.

6. To God, thy Country, and thy friends, be true.

7. Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's.— *Shakespeare.*

8. Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.— *Daniel Webster.*

9. The foundation of our government is, first, That every man shall govern himself.—*Abbott.*

10. Self-government rests on self-education.—*Abbott.*

11. We will have no government standard but our

own, and will accept no other flag than the glorious Stars and Stripes.— *Wm. McKinley.*

12. Righteousness exalteth a nation.— *The Bible.*

13. That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.— *Lincoln.*

14. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, O Union, strong and great.— *Longfellow.*

15. Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.— *Bible.* (Used on the Royal Peace Arch, Philadelphia, Oct. 1898.)

16. Let freedom dwell in our hearts.

17. It is noble to serve one's country on the battle-field, but it is just as noble to serve it at home and show love to country in deeds of peace.

18. A free people must be serious; for it has to do with the greatest thing that ever was done in the world, to govern itself.— *Orville Dewey.*

19. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote.— *Daniel Webster.*

20. They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.— *Lowell.*

21. We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.— *U. S. Grant.*

22. Stand by your country in all her trials, at every hazard or at any cost.— *John A. Logan.*

23. With malice toward none, with charity for all. — *Lincoln.*

FLAG PLAY

From "The Primary School."

THE youngest Primary children may be supplied with homemade flags of different colors. These are waved to the actions given below while the lines are recited.

(1) Pretty bright flags have we,
  Waving on (2) high,
(3) Up they go, (4) down they go,
  Now they are (5) nigh;
Now they are (6) far away,
  Now they are (7) near,
Now they point (8) upwards,
  To skies bright and clear,
(9) Under and (10) over so,
  (11) Above and (12) below,
(13) Backwards and (14) forwards
  Our bright banners go.

We've red, white, blue,
  And they're pretty flags, too.
(15) Look here at us
  And we'll show them to you.
Hurrah for our play time!
  We children like fun,
And yet we are sorry,
  When lessons are done.

Motions:

(1) Flags held up.
(2) Wave above head.
(3) Raise arm above head.

(4) Let arm drop and point flag to floor.
(5) Bring flag in front near body.
(6) Stretch out arm in front at right angle to body.
(7) Bring in front again near body, and show that "nigh" and "near" have some meaning.
(8) Stretch far above head.
(9) Under chin.
(10) Over head.
(11) Left hand held out in front, flag placed above hand.
(12) Flag placed below hand to front of body, then
(13) and (14) Bring flag smartly behind, alternating forwards and backwards.
(15) Present flags.

THE PATRIOTIC BAND

From "Washington, Lincoln and the American Flag."

Sung to the air of "Marching Through Georgia."

THIS exercise is intended as a flag march, and character drill for sixteen boys. They enter the stage in a company, each carrying an American flag, and each dressed in the characteristic style of the country he represents.

1. Freedom has called us and we've come across the wave,
   She has freely welcomed all the trusty, true and brave,
   Loyally we'll march 'neath the flag with equal rights,
   Using a tongue in which all speech unites.

CHORUS.

2. *Hurrah! hurrah! the patriotic band!*
Hurrah! hurrah! we come from every land!
So with hearty cheering we will freedom's banner wave,
Over this great land of the true and the brave.

3. We are Uncle Sam's own sons, and bid you welcome all,
Welcome to the greatest country, grandest, of them all,
If you seek for peace and justice, you will always find them here,
Under our beautiful banner dear.

SECOND CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! the grandest of all lands!
Hurrah! hurrah! this home of Uncle Sam's!
If you seek for peace and justice you will always find them here,
Under our beautiful flag so dear.

4. Patrick is so happy in his pretty suit so gay.
Singing jolly snatches as he marches on his way,
Telling many a joke about the land of saint and story,
While he is joyfully waving "Old Glory."

5. English little "Johnny Bull" comes sailing o'er the sea,
Seeking lands and farming ground, and all the wealth to be,
Looking o'er our country he doesn't hesitate
To buy up banks and a large estate.

6. The bonny braes of Scotland send their son with honest pride.
Wearing plaid and Highland cap, with bagpipe at his side,
The trusty, honest Hollander salutes our banner grand,
'Cause it's the best of any land.

7. The home of grand old artists sends her scholars from the Rhine,—
Sends her great musicians, our country to refine,
Switzerland's brave mountaineer, Norwegian and the rest,
Find happy homes far out in the West.

8. Polished in his mien, the courteous Frenchman *"s'il vous plaît,"*
Thinks he's found a blissful land and so decides to stay,
Holding up the banner, sign of friendship, love and trust,
Honors to brave Lafayette, the just.

9. Loyally the Russian comes, with Swede and Turk and Pole,
Standing with the rank and file, answering to the roll,
All are good Americans, loyal, brave and true,
Under our flag, the Red, White and Blue.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MARCH AND DRILL.

Great care should be taken to make this a lesson in American patriotism. Hang above the stage and where it may be easily seen and saluted, a large Ameri-

can flag. The stage should be at least sixteen feet square, better twenty feet wide. Arrange the boys in two divisions, eight at each side of platform.

1. All sing the first stanza, while four from each side march across the rear of the stage, face front and march forward, halt, give the salute to the flag and repeat:
"I pledge allegiance to my flag and the country for which it stands, etc."

The "fours" face to the center, pass in countermarch to the rear of the stage, while the next eight come forward and give the salute and the pledge.

2. Marching to the chorus the two sides meet in "twos," come up the center of the stage, turn right and left, meeting again at the rear, halt and line around the stage facing to the center.

3. The four Americans dressed as Uncle Sam, a sailor, an infantryman and a cavalryman, step to the front, salute, and sing the second stanza. All sing chorus stanza, while they march back to places.

4. Patrick steps forward, salutes the flag and marches around the stage, while all sing the fourth stanza. All sing chorus and wave flags.

5. Johnny Bull steps forward, salutes the flag and struts around the stage while all sing the fifth stanza. Passing to the front in "twos" the class sings the chorus and waves the flags, while they march around the stage again and halt as before.

6. The Scotchman comes forward, and on the third line the Hollander steps beside him, while all sing the sixth stanza. On the chorus, the class again marches around by "twos," and back to the rear corners, where the leaders turn and lead diagonal lines across the stage.

7. A halt is made, and the German, Swiss and Norwegian step to the front while all sing the seventh stanza. The class sings chorus, countermarches and forms around the stage again.

8. The Frenchman makes an elaborate bow and marches around, waving the flag, while all sing the eighth stanza. All sing chorus.

9. The Russian, the Swede, the Turk and the Pole step forward, while all sing the ninth stanza, then march back to places as the chorus is sung.

10. The class may now execute a number of pretty flag movements and figures in marching while "the air" is being played on the piano. Present flags, Raise flags, etc. Each eight may form a circle, touching their flags together high overhead. After countermarching they may come together again by "twos" and form the arch, passing under and stepping back in turn. Countermarch again, And again march diagonally, continuing by command as long as desired. March off at rear of stage.

FLAG MOTTOS

For schoolroom decoration, draw a colored flag upon the blackboard and place under it a flag motto.

1. "Our flag beautiful in peace,
Glorious in war."

2. "We love our native country's flag,
To it our hearts are true,
Above us wave in splendid folds
The red, the white, the blue."

3. "Glorious flag, red, white and blue,
Bright emblem of the pure and true."

4. "*E pluribus Unum* — Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

5. "O'er every hero's grave,
O'er every freeman's home,
Let freedom's banner wave,
For victory proudly won."

6. Our flag carries American ideas, American history, American feelings.— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

7. "God bless the flag! let it float and fill
The sky with its beauty; — our heartstrings thrill
To the low, sweet chant of its wind-swept bars,
And the chorus of all its clustered stars."

8. Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
—*Drake.*

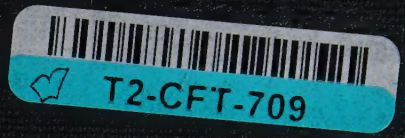
9. A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station.
"United we stand — divided we fall!"
It made and preserved us a nation.
—*Geo. P. Morris.*

10. There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there's no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

11. "The flag floats east,
The flag floats west,
The skies unveil their glory,
The stripes reflect the beautiful light,
While star tells to star its story."

12. A star for every State, and a State for every star
—*R. C. Winthrop.*

THE END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